

Captain's Classics Personal Programs

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Captain's Classics Personal Programs

by [meriwethersays](#)

Summary

There are two well-established rules about 'personal' holodeck programs, which is Starfleet's euphemistic name for 'sexual or pornographic.' First, a personal program should never include the likeness of another crew member without explicit permission. And second, no one should ever examine someone else's personal program. The two rules sometimes run headlong into each other.

Janeway discovers that Chakotay has programmed her likeness into a particular holodeck program and...joins him. Things devolve from there.

Notes

This was originally posted as ten different short pieces in a series, but at this point I'm calling it a single complete work. See endnotes for some of the specific sex stuff originally tagged.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Captain's Classic Personal Programs, Supplement #15

There are two well-established rules about 'personal' holodeck programs, which is Starfleet's euphemistic name for 'sexual or pornographic.' First, a personal program should never include the likeness of another crew member without explicit permission. And second, no one should ever examine someone else's personal program. The two rules sometimes run headlong into each other.

Take today. Kathryn is reviewing the preceding month's holodeck time logs, a policy recommended on all long-term missions to identify early warning signs of holodeck addiction. She's also created an algorithm to examine each personal program for crew member likenesses, so that she doesn't have to go through each program that's been used in the past month; it flags only those programs that violate the rule.

Those, she does have to at least glance at so that she can hand out warnings or, if necessary, delete the programs. Tom and B'Elanna have violated the rule in a program that contains—additional likenesses of Tom and B'Elanna, for purposes that she doesn't want to contemplate. Not worth mentioning. The Doctor has included Seven of Nine in one of his programs; he shouldn't be capable of violating the rule, which means B'Elanna may need to take a look at his programming. Jenny Delaney has Harry Kim's likeness in her own version of Captain's Classic Personal Program #7, one of the many customizable off-the-shelf pornographic holoprograms that seem to end up in every ship's database. Three different people have used Ayala's likeness in three very different customized programs.

She's surprised to see that Chakotay's name appears on the list of offenders, and she scrolls past Wildman and Carey (both apparently interested in people other than their respective spouses) to get to his program. He has Captain's Classic Personal Program Supplement #15, and a bolt of heat goes through Kathryn when she recalls the program and sees that the forbidden likeness he's used is her own.

He must have known that she would see it. She's complained about this duty to him before, how uncomfortable she feels learning who's violated the rule, how seedy it feels to know exactly which programs people are using. He's teased her about her extensive knowledge of the Captain's Classic catalogs, raised an eyebrow at her insistence that it's all because of a friend who writes her more adventurous content. Which means he knew. He knew she would see his choice of program. He knew she would see it was *her* in it.

Kathryn shifts a little in her chair as the ready room doors chime, and of course it's Chakotay who walks in. "Are you all right, Captain? You look a little overheated." He says it without a hint of guile.

"Yes," she croaks. Oh god, she's wet and he hasn't even done anything in person, hasn't done anything other than leave hints in the holodeck logs that tell her exactly what he fantasizes about her doing to him. "Just finishing up a few things before dinner."

"Oh?"

"Confirming the week's holodeck schedule." She waves the padd at him as if to prove it.

"That's right, today is your holodeck review day. I take it you haven't given the Doctor my slot for more time practicing opera." There's nothing unusual about his tone, but somehow it still sounds like an invitation, after what she's discovered. "It was hard to find time, even at 2300 hours."

"Oh?" She shouldn't be reacting this strongly.

"2300 hours tonight?" His gaze is fixed on her, though he looks unsure for the first time.

Every breath she takes feels heavy in her lungs. Kathryn breaks his gaze and looks down at her padd blindly. "Yes, you're on the holodeck schedule for 60 minutes at 2300 hours." She doesn't even know if it was truly an invitation.

"All right." His voice is hoarse. "Well. I'll leave you to it."

* * * * *

She almost doesn't go. It's a coincidence that he used her likeness in the program, she tells herself. He didn't mean for her to see it. He's only used it the once. But in the end she wants to see it—wants to *do* it—more than she's worried about misreading him. It's 2305 by the time she gets to the holodeck. "Private program in progress," the computer tells her primly.

"Command override," she says, and she barely recognizes her own voice. "Janeway zeta one one six."

"Override accepted." The doors open just enough to admit her and then hiss closed.

The program is already in progress. Either he gave up on her coming or he wanted her to walk in on him, and she strongly suspects it's the latter. He's naked, kneeling on what looks like the her bed, and there's a very accurate likeness of Kathryn working one finger slowly into his ass. She's naked too, but for a harness and a strap-on dildo, and the only sound is that of Chakotay's breathing.

"Computer, freeze program," Kathryn says. Her doppelganger freezes in place even as Chakotay pushes back a little on her finger and groans.

He looks up at Kathryn and she can see his chest heaving, the faint sheen of sweat already on his body. "I thought you weren't coming," he says, and she doesn't care if he's telling the truth or not, at this point.

"Computer, remove character." Her doppelganger disappears and she walks across the room toward him. "You know, it's against the rules to use me in this program." She takes her doppelganger's place on the bed and finds the bottle of lubricant next to his knee. She wants to see his face, though, so she says, "Computer, add mirror," and suddenly she can see the long lines of his naked body, his head bowed. "Look at me," she tells him.

He looks up into the mirror. She's still wearing her full uniform, and she sees the full-body shudder when he realizes it, sees the way his cock twitches. "I didn't realize you'd know what the program was," he says, and then sucks in a deep breath as Kathryn spreads his cheeks with one hand and lets lube drip from the bottle directly onto his hole, until it's wet and messy, until she sees him clench around nothing.

"I've done it a time or two," she tells him. She collects the stray drips of lube with her finger and pushes them back into his hole, dips the tip of her finger in and runs it around the rim over and over, until he's trying to push back on her finger. "Don't get impatient."

In the mirror, he sucks in a deep breath. "I've been waiting for a few years," he admits. "One or two more minutes shouldn't kill me." Kathryn slides one slick finger deep inside him and it's easy, so easy, to stroke in and out, until he spreads his legs wider and says, "Another, please—"

He clenches down against her when she slides the second finger in. "You can't take two fingers?" she asks. "I thought you'd run this program before—thought you'd let me open you up wide and fuck you until you came."

Chakotay's breath catches at that. "Keep going," he tells her, and she can see that he's still hard. She pulls her fingers out to the rim and scissors them open just a little, just enough that she can squeeze more lube there. He jolts and the sound he makes is something like a whine when she pushes her fingers back in, pumps them slowly in and out until he barely resists.

He's let his head drop again and she says, "Look at yourself," and twists her fingers just as he looks up so that he can see himself falling apart. She adds a third finger then, while he watches himself, and the little noise at the back of his throat is her reward, the way his eyes flutter shut for a moment. When she looks down at her own fingers, it's almost hypnotic, watching her knuckles disappear in and out of his body, his rim stretched tight around her fingers—watching the way he pushes back on her fingers. She wants to slip her pinky inside, see if he could take that too. "You'd take anything I gave you, wouldn't you," she says.

"Yes." The word sounds torn from his throat. "Yes, anything."

"Computer," she says. "Plug one." The plug materializes next to her, already glistening with lube. It's bigger than her fingers, but only at its widest point—the right size to keep him open while she gets ready herself. He makes a quiet noise of protest when she withdraws her fingers and a very different noise when she replaces it with the plug. Kathryn fucks him with it a few times, just enough to watch the widest part drag back and forth through the rim of his hole, see his muscles clench tight around it, before she pushes it in as far as it'll go and stands up.

He stares at her. He looks high, his pupils blown huge and dark, lips flushed from where he's been biting them. "Are you—"

"You don't think I'm going to put a harness over this?" She gestures to her uniform as she begins to remove it.

"No." He turns his head to watch her as she does.

When she's naked, she says, "Computer, harness, red leather." Then she moves around him on the bed until she's kneeling at his head. "You'd better help me with this." He buckles it loosely around her thighs, but then he leans forward to spread her open with his hands and lap at her clit. It's almost stunning how good it is and she thinks to herself, well, might as well come first. "On your back," she tells him, and he obeys—she sees the little spasms every time he moves and the plug inside him moves with him. Kathryn pulls the harness out of the way and plants one knee on the other side of his hips, then slides down onto his cock. This time is for her, her only, and she rides his cock to hit just the right spot inside her, tells him, "Don't come," and then "It's a good thing I extended your session to two hours." He chokes at that, thrusts up and she grips the base of his cock tightly. "If you can't be good..." She climbs off his cock.

"I will be," Chakotay promises, but she's already moved away, already finished buckling the harness herself.

"Back on your knees," she tells him. "Computer, number one."

The dildo that materializes in the harness is bigger than the plug in his ass and she watches him look it over, watches his pupils dilate further. The head is only an inch away from his face and she tells him, "Suck it."

"What?" He looks mildly confused.

"Get it wet," she says. "I want to see you take it."

Chakotay leans forward and takes the dildo in his mouth. It doesn't matter that she can't feel his tongue on the dildo itself—she wants to see his lips stretched around it the way his ass stretches around her fingers, and every time she thrusts a little it rubs against her clit. She runs her fingers along the obscene shape of his lips and then slowly pulls out. "Wet enough?" he asks. His voice is hoarse.

"We'll see." She gives in to the absurd impulse to stroke his hair, his cheek, before she moves around behind him again and runs her hand gently along his upper thigh. "You're doing very well," she tells him. Kathryn squeezes more lube onto the dildo, spreads it by fucking up into her fist and sees Chakotay's eyes following the movement. When she reaches to remove the plug, his body releases it begrudgingly, the muscle tightening back up as soon as it's removed. She pushes two fingers in again, just to make sure, and then she spreads his knees wide. "Tell me if you need me to slow down."

"I will," he promises, and the words are barely out of his mouth before she begins the long, slow slide into his ass. He's gasping in every breath as she watches each inch of the dildo disappear into his ass. When she's in all the way, he says "Kathryn—that's—you're—"

"Captain," she reminds him, of all the absurd things to say. His breath catches at that and she reaches down, gets one hand on his cock—he's still hard, tries to jerk a little in her hand. She slides out again, then back in a little faster, sees the wonder on his face as she speeds up.

"Captain—please—" and neither of them really know what he's asking for as she fucks his ass.

"Computer," she says, panting, "expand to number two."

The noise he makes when he feels the dildo in his ass increase in size is—indescribably satisfying. She rubs her thumb around the slick rim of his ass, now stretched a little wider, and he says, “Kathryn—”

“*Captain*,” she reminds him, and thrusts in again to emphasize it. And god he just *takes* it, lets her spread his cheeks wide as she fucks him open, yields and yields and yields, and she comes from the pressure of the dildo against her clit.

When she can think again, she pulls out almost entirely, until it’s just the head of the dildo stretching his rim open, and says “Computer, number three” just to watch it expand obscenely and then thrust in as he howls. It’s not a noise of pain, but of overwhelming sensation. “This one is the size of your cock,” she tells him. She’s holding it still inside him now, letting him adjust to it, letting him fuck back onto it in little hitches of his hips.

“Didn’t realize I was so big.” He smiles and closes his eyes as he pulls away and then slams back down, again and again, until she’s just holding it in place for him to fuck himself on. He is big. She remembers the feeling of his cock thick inside her and wishes she’d kept going.

“This is the hottest thing I’ve ever seen,” she tells him honestly. “Look at yourself—you’re so good, you take it so well. You were wasting it on that other Kathryn.” He’s watching her in the mirror and so she touches her breast, rolls her nipple between two fingers and lets him see how good it feels, wishes she’d chosen a double-ended dildo so that she had something inside herself right now.

“How big is number four?”

“Bigger than you,” she says. “Not by too much. But definitely bigger.”

“Computer,” and she realizes what he’s about to say only as he says it, “number four.” He groans and drops his head as it expands again, longer and thicker than before.

“It’s not really in the spirit of it for you to control it,” Kathryn tells him. She slides all the way out, watches the way his body clings to the head of the dildo, the way he clenches tight to try to keep it inside him. She drizzles more lube on his hole even as she pulls out, just so that she can slip her fingers back into him and feel how soft and hot and tight he is inside.

“*Captain*,” he says, and it’s almost a plea. She pushes just the head of the dildo inside of him, in and then all the way back out, and he’s not even saying words now, just a stream of soft noises.

“You’re so good,” she tells him again. She finds the head of his cock, dripping wet, and rubs her thumb over it. His entire body tenses. Kathryn slides the entire dildo into his ass and admires how wide he’s stretched, how deep she knows it is. “I’m going to make sure you feel this tomorrow,” she says. “When you walk down the halls. When you sit next to me on the bridge. You’ll remember, won’t you.”

“*Yes*,” he promises. “I’ll remember how you feel inside me. How you look when you open me up and fuck me—I’ll remember it.”

She moves experimentally, listens to the little sounds that every stroke punches out of him, until she’s fucking him in earnest again. “Sit up,” she tells him. “Up on your knees. So I can see your cock.” He obeys, kneeling, legs spread enough that she can keep fucking him but she can see his cock in the mirror too, flushed and hard and messy from where she’s been touching him. “I want to watch you come while I fuck you.”

His hand goes to his cock as soon as she says it, frantic, as he thrusts up into his hand and back down onto the dildo until he comes, shaking. At the last minute, she covers the head of his cock with her hand and catches some of it; when he collapses, she pulls out and says “Computer, delete toys.” But she can’t stop herself from pushing some of his own come into his ass, pumping her fingers in and out slowly just to hear him whimper and feel the way he tries to clench around her. “You should see the mess I made of you,” she whispers to him.

“Your mess,” he says. He gets two clumsy fingers onto her clit and kisses her, filthy and all tongue, and after everything somehow that’s enough to make her come. It shoots through her and afterward she thinks she might have screamed.

Chakotay kisses her again, softer this time, and then says, “Sorry, I guess that’s not part of the usual program.”

“I’ll allow it,” she tells him. “Wake me when we have five minutes left on the holodeck clock.”

Captain's Classic Personal Program #10

Chapter Summary

After a week, Kathryn reviews the holodeck programs for personal likenesses again. There's another with her likeness, Captain's Classic Personal Program #10. For a moment, she's startled, and then realizes that she doesn't even know which role he programmed her into.

Chakotay doesn't say anything about it once they leave the holodeck. After a week, Kathryn reviews the holodeck programs for personal likenesses again. There's another with her likeness, Captain's Classic Personal Program #10. For a moment, she's startled, and then realizes that she doesn't even know which role he programmed her into. For all she knows, it's not the one she's willing to play.

Still, when he comes to her ready room to remind her to eat dinner, she says, "I can't yet, I have these holodeck reports to review."

"You'll see I have a slot scheduled for today at 2200. I hope I'm not monopolizing holodeck time." Chakotay's eyes are dark when he looks at her.

She waffles, considers asking him exactly how he has the program set up, and decides to say, "No, you deserve it." She'll make up her mind about what to do by 2200 hours.

In the end, she goes. When she walks into the holodeck, she enters an old-fashioned hotel room, not unlike the gilded 1920s-era hotels that Tom Paris is fond of programming. There's a crystal chandelier hanging from the ceiling and a thick carpet on the floor. Chakotay is facing away from her, slowly undressing. His shoulders are rigid. She sees soft restraints and a blindfold on the bedside table. "Chakotay."

He turns. "I wasn't sure if you were going to come," he says.

Kathryn nods at the table. "The program didn't say which role you'd programmed me into."

Chakotay smiles a little ruefully. "I'm sorry, I thought it would be obvious."

It is, now, though she's still surprised at his choice of program. "Finish undressing and get on the bed," she tells him, and he strips off the rest of his clothes and lies on the bed, propping himself up on his elbows. She picks up one of the restraints. "You're all right with being tied down?"

"Yes," he says, and it's a strange thing to say when he so obviously isn't.

"No."

"No?" He looks disappointed, but she thinks she sees relief too.

"I'm not going to restrain you," she tells him. "You're going to hold onto the headboard and you're not going to let go unless I say you can. You're going to keep your legs spread. And if you don't, I'll end the program."

There, he likes that, he's rapidly hardening and he lies back, grasps two rungs of the headboard. She watches in appreciation as he flexes. "Yes, Captain," he says.

"Don't ever tell me you want something you don't," and she lets the anger creep into her voice. "Ever."

"No, never," he promises.

"Tell me to stop if you want me to stop." His throat bobs a little as he swallows, but he nods. "Good." Kathryn starts gently, runs her hands over the breadth of his shoulders, across his chest, drags her fingernails a little through the hair there, rests her palm over his heart to feel his heartbeat speeding up. She curls her hands around his biceps and pulls to test the strength of his grip on the headboard.

"I'm not going to let go," he says, and she strokes his cheek to watch the way that he turns into her touch. Then she slides her hands down along his sides, across his stomach, just to his cock. His breathing is getting faster too now.

"Good." She opens the drawer of the bedside table and finds—among other things—a cock ring. She tests it to see how well it stretches, lets Chakotay see in case he's going to protest, but he nods. She slides it on, down to the base of his cock, settles it behind his balls and then squeezes them very gently to watch his hips buck up. "You're doing very well," she tells him, and the way his eyes are fixed on her, she's glad she didn't ask about a blindfold. "Don't come until I say you can."

"I won't," he says, and his voice is very rough. "Kath—Captain—"

Kathryn digs her nails into his inner thighs. "I didn't tell you to call me Kathryn." His breath catches and his cock jumps a little. She squeezes his thighs to feel the muscle there, slides her hands down his calves and then back up to his knees to spread his legs wider. She hasn't decided exactly what she wants to do with him yet, only knows that she loves seeing him pliant like this, vulnerable. "I saw a plug in the drawer," she says. "Is that what you want? Me to open you up again, feel how tight you are around my fingers?"

"Anything you want. Anything—"

“That’s not what I asked,” she snaps.

“Yes—”

“Lift your hips, hold them up,” she says, and he obeys—it would be easier if she told him to roll over, but then she wouldn’t get to watch every expression on his face. The way he looks when she retrieves the plug and lube and kneels between his legs, the way he gasps a little when she presses a dry fingertip just against his rim and he tries to work himself down onto it before she pulls her hand away. The way his thighs are shaking a little from holding himself up in this position. The way he moans with the first slick finger she pushes into him, his cock bobbing obscenely, untouched. She works him open faster than last time, a little rougher, until she’s sliding the fat plug into his ass and he gasps “Captain—”

“You’re doing so well,” she tells him, and she strokes the inside of his thigh. Even though it’s not the point of what she’s doing tonight, Kathryn can’t resist pushing the plug in and then pulling it out all the way a few times, until his whole body is trembling, and then she pushes it all the way in until it’s firmly inside him, only the base visible between his cheeks. “You can lower your hips now,” she says, and he lets out a breath and almost collapses back onto the bed. Kathryn surveys him and says, “You’re beautiful like this, you know,” and when he makes a noise in the back of his throat and meets her eyes, she realizes how wet she is, her underwear soaked through. “There are so many things I’d like to do,” and there really are, but they don’t have enough time here on the holodeck, not nearly enough.

She decides what to do and crawls up the bed toward him, careful to avoid touching his cock. His nipples are already hard, but she leans down and flicks her tongue against one, over and over, until he says “Captain—” and she closes her lips around it and sucks. She hears creaking and looks up to see how tightly he’s gripping the headboard, every muscle tensed, as he stares down at her. Kathryn releases that nipple and goes to the other. Really, the way he is now, she could do this anywhere on his skin and he’d still be begging “Captain—” in that soft voice of his. But she gets off the bed, goes to the bedside drawer again and picks out a set of nipple clamps. Gentle ones, the point is the sensation, not pain, and when she puts them on him one at a time, he cries out and thrusts up desperately into nothing. “Easy,” she tells him. “You’re doing so well, Chakotay.”

Kathryn trails her hands up to his collarbone, up his neck, until she’s holding his face in her hands and he’s staring up at her with wide eyes, and when he starts to say “Capt—” she leans down and kisses him. She hears a noise deep in his throat when she strokes her tongue against his, feels the way he’s flexing his arms hard to keep from releasing the headboard, and she wants to lock her hands around his wrists but she knows that would be the wrong choice. She pulls away an inch and says, “You’re so good,” and he lifts himself enough to kiss her again. Somehow that draws her back down to him and she runs her fingers through his hair, grips it and pulls just enough to position his head at exactly the angle she wants, and she feels it when he groans again.

This time when she breaks away, she pulls back far enough that he can’t follow. “Will you be all right if you close your eyes? Don’t lie to me.”

“Yes,” he pants. “Yes—as long as you don’t cover them with anything,” and it’s like he can’t keep his body still now, he’s so desperate for her to touch him again.

“Close your eyes,” she tells him, and he obeys. “Good. Tell me if you need to open them.”

“Yes, Captain,” and she sees him swallow. She begins to take her own clothes off and he must be able to hear what she’s doing, because he asks, “You’re not going to let me see you?” almost plaintively.

“When I’m ready.” She removes everything, climbs back onto the bed and straddles his chest just below the nipple clamps, flicks one with a fingernail and enjoys the noise he makes. She’s dripping wet, and when she begins to rub her clit, he must feel it and realize what he’s doing.

“Please—please let me see you,” and his voice cracks. “Please, Captain—” She closes her legs a little tighter around his ribcage, allows the moan to escape her at how good this feels, and he makes a strangled kind of noise and says “*Please.*”

“Open your eyes,” she tells him, and he stares wondrously at her, from her face to her breasts to her hand working between her thighs.

He says “Let me touch you—I’ll be so good—please—” and she stops rubbing her clit, brings two wet fingers to his mouth and he opens obediently, sucks them both clean, and oh how she wants to let him put his hands on her, or better, tell him to let go of the headboard and then move up to straddle his head, pull his head between her legs and ride his tongue—

But no, she’s not going to let him touch her, she slides her fingers out of his mouth, down his chin and throat and back to her clit and he groans at the sight, groans when she pushes two fingers inside herself and rubs her clit faster and says “Your cock would be much bigger, or even just your fingers—”

“Please,” he says again, and god his eyes are so dark, all pupil, and he’s still desperately holding onto the headboard, she really thinks he might break it.

“But I don’t need you for that, though,” she tells him and comes on her own fingers. The orgasm roars through her—she shudders with it, collapses forward, and he whimpers when her weight presses down against the nipple clamps. “Close your eyes again,” she tells him. Kathryn sits up and removes one of the clamps, contemplates, and then takes his nipple between two of her fingers and rubs until it’s slick. She replaces the clamp almost before he’s had time to register the change, but she sees it when he does, sees him shaking as she does it to the other nipple.

“Please—”

“Please what?”

“Please, Captain—” She feels him trying to thrust up again. “Let me—I don’t—” She’s not sure he’s capable of forming a sentence at this point.

Kathryn reaches back and brushes his cock with one hand, very lightly, and he reacts like he’s just been shocked. Before he can say anything,

she says, "I want to ride your cock, but I'm not sure I can trust you not to come if I do."

"You can, you can—I won't—Captain—" She's going to get wet every time he calls her captain outside of the holodeck, now, remembering the way he's struggling against himself, and she's glad she didn't accept his lie and tie him down because this is so much better, watching him fight to make himself follow her orders.

"You'd better not," she tells him. "Keep your eyes closed." She slides down his body, avoiding his cock again, and grips the plug in his ass. She pulls it just enough that the widest part of it is spreading him open, watches him clench around it and says "I should keep you like this—plug in your ass, ring on your cock, your nipples clamped tight—keep you like this in the holodeck and come in to play with you whenever I want—"

"Yes," he says, and it's garbled, barely intelligible.

"Keep you hard, visit when I feel like it and ride your cock when I want to come and then leave you here again to wait for me while you beg me to let you come—maybe fuck your ass instead sometimes, whatever I want to do with you—"

"Please—I'm yours—" he says, and it triggers some fierce feeling of possessiveness that she didn't realize existed.

She shoves the plug back in and moves up just enough to slide all the way onto his cock in a single motion and he yells, really does break the rail of the headboard but grasps another one instead. "Good, you're so good," she tells him. She clenches experimentally on his cock and he gasps in a breath; then she starts to fuck herself on it in long hard strokes. "Open your eyes." He stares at her again, eyes bright, and she can't help saying "You're perfect," and his whole body is shaking now with the effort of not letting himself come. "You're perfect," she says again, and then "You can come" so he doesn't have to disobey her when he can't stop himself. The sight of him as he does sends her over the edge and it's incredible watching him—he still hasn't let go of the headboard and his spine arches, he lets out a garbled kind of yell and she slams her hips back down, wants to pull him even deeper as her brain whites out for a second.

They're both panting, bodies limp. Kathryn says, "You can let go now. Computer, delete toys," and Chakotay makes a surprised kind of noise as they disappear. She lifts herself off of him, rolls to lie next to him, and strokes his cheek with her hand. It's a little rough with stubble, and she likes the feeling of it. "How are your arms?"

He moves them experimentally, flexes his hands. "Probably stiff tomorrow. I was holding onto the headboard pretty hard." She runs her fingers through his hair, over his lips, and he turns his head to catch her mouth in another kiss—much slower this time, almost high on endorphins—and brings his own hand to her cheek. Then he smiles. "It's nice to be able to touch you now."

Very carefully, she says, "I don't understand why you lied about the restraints."

"You knew it was a lie almost immediately."

"Honestly? I almost didn't come tonight because I knew the program included restraints and I've had enough of those in a very different context to last me a lifetime. I was surprised you chose this program at all." Kathryn keeps running her fingers through his hair gently.

Chakotay lets out a long breath and meets her eyes. "I always—enjoyed this kind of thing. And still do, obviously. But this was the first time since becoming Maquis." He says what they're both thinking: "All the time I spent being taken prisoner and tortured was as a Maquis. I suppose I hoped it wouldn't have changed anything. That when you tied me—that it wouldn't bother me."

"I have to be able to trust you," she tells him. "I trust you outside the holodeck. Don't lie to me here." She strokes his neck.

"No," he promises. "I won't." Then he leans forward and kisses her again.

Captain's Classic Personal Programs, Prime Edition #3

Chapter Summary

The Prime Editions of Captain's Classic Personal Programs are designed to introduce a discerning consumer to fantasies they never knew they had.

Kathryn finds a use for multiple Chakotays. Including the real one.

This time, she leaves him an invitation in the logs. Kathryn programs Chakotay's likeness into Prime Edition #3 of Captain's Classic Personal Programs and runs it just long enough to ensure that her prohibited use will show up in the time logs, then hands him the padd with the holodeck records and says, "Your turn to review the logs this week. I took the 0300 slot tomorrow."

He's outside the holodeck at 0300. "I don't know this one," he says. "Give me a hint?"

Kathryn smiles as the doors close behind them. "Computer, activate program Janeway delta nu. Do you remember that there was a mirror the first time?" They're at a pavilion on a beach, with a large bed and a side table holding a bottle of wine. The sun is just setting, the air balmy around them.

"Yes..."

"Do you remember what I did with you?"

"Yes." His voice is deeper this time, and he reaches out to put a hand on her hip. "You know, that can happen outside the holodeck too."

She ignores what lies beneath that statement. "This one can't. Computer, first hologram." The holographic form of Chakotay appears in front of them both.

"Well," the real one says. "That's unnerving." The hologram begins to strip, discarding his clothes next to the bed. "Should I—"

"No," Kathryn tells him. "For now, all you do is watch." She sees his breathing speed up and adds, "I suppose you could help me with my clothes." It isn't difficult for him to help her. She's wearing a wrap dress, and when he undoes the few snaps holding it in place, it flutters to the ground and reveals her naked body. Chakotay reaches for her, the tips of his fingers just brushing the side of her breast as she turns away. "All you do is watch now," she tells him.

The hologram Chakotay is lying naked on the bed now, casually stroking his cock. The insides of her thighs are damp, have been since she put on a dress with nothing underneath, and when she joins him on the bed, he buries his face between her thighs. She bucks up into it, forces her eyes open so she can look at the real Chakotay—standing next to the bed, the line of his cock visible in his loose pants, hands fisted as if to keep himself from touching.

She might as well just ask. "Where do you want to fuck me?" Her voice is breathy, high-pitched. She's getting close now, feels her entire body tightening.

Chakotay makes a choked noise. "What?"

Kathryn comes against the hologram's tongue, pulling his head hard against her as she does. Then she releases him. "That's what this program is, Chakotay." The hologram-Chakotay wipes his mouth with one hand and grins at her. "Sometimes what I want most is to feel...full. Completely. To lose myself in it. That's what the program is for."

He slants a glance at the hologram version of himself, lounging. "I want—you on top," he says. "Whatever you want."

"All right." She likes the idea of that, of the real person watching everything happen, of forcing him to wait the longest in the end. "Get up here on the bed." When he's naked on the bed, she reaches for his cock—he's hard, jumps a little when she touches him for the first time, and she licks the head of his cock. He gasps in a breath. "Next time," she whispers against the head, and feels him twitch. She shimmies up his body until she can spread her legs open and sink down onto his cock all at once. The feeling is incredible, the slick slide of it, the way his cock opens her up and fills her at the same time, and for a moment she just luxuriates in it. She lifts herself off completely and then slides back down all the way, and she hears him say some garbled version of her name as she does it. He stares up at her in some kind of awe.

That's when she feels the Chakotay hologram rub one finger against her ass and this, this is what she wants, to live only in her body for a little while, no room for anything else. When he slides his finger into her ass, she can feel it pressing her tighter around Chakotay's cock, and from the noise Chakotay can feel it too. Hologram-Chakotay is slow but inexorable, working in one finger, then two. The real Chakotay is playing with her clit, not enough for her to come, just working it slowly between his thumb and forefinger, and staring up at her like she's something supernatural.

She loses track of time, of everything but the physical sensation, and then it's the immense sensation of hologram-Chakotay pressing his cock to her ass and sliding in, in, always in. When he bottoms out all three of them are gasping. He stays still and Kathryn lifts herself a little, sinks back down, does it again, drunk on the feeling of the two cocks inside her. "Good," she says—she's not sure to who—and keeps doing it, fucking herself up and down on the two of them, on the way they've stretched her open, pressed as deep inside her as they can get. "Don't

come yet,” she tells the real Chakotay, and he says something strangled and unintelligible and keeps playing with her clit, and if he keeps doing that she’s going to come before she wants to. “Computer, second hologram,” she says, and there’s another naked version of him next to her.

“Kathryn—what—” Chakotay gasps. “What—”

“Don’t come yet,” she repeats, and turns her head so that she can get her mouth around the new hologram’s cock. This, this is what she wanted, every part of her full, no room for thought or reason or worry, her brain stuttering as he thrusts gently and she takes it deep, sucks and swallows around the head of his cock and it all begins to bleed together in her head, the three of them inside her. Only then, dimly, does she realize that the real Chakotay is rubbing her clit harder, that he’s rolling one nipple firmly between two fingers on his other hand. The orgasm rips through her, all-consuming, and she tries to clench tighter on their cocks but she can’t, not fucked open this way.

“*Kathryn*,” the second hologram says and comes down her throat. She swallows and swallows around his cock as he slides between her lips, only ever as deep as she’s programmed him to allow. Chakotay has never stopped with his fingers, even as she keeps fucking herself on his cock, and she comes again around their cocks, greedy for it. The hologram loses control, grabs her hips to hold her still and pumps his cock in and out of her ass, over and over, while the real Chakotay thrusts into her at the same time—glorious, to feel these men inside, cocks almost rubbing against each other inside of her. She comes again at the thought of it, at the sensation, and takes them both with her.

Hologram-Chakotay pulls out of her slowly, but she doesn’t release the real Chakotay. His pupils are huge in the dim light, one hand firm on her hips and the other almost teasing her clit still, as though she could come again. They’re both dripping with sweat and come and she rolls onto her back and says, “Computer, delete characters.” It’s only the two of them now, sprawled on the messy bed. Every part of her feels fucked out and there’s something deep inside that’s satisfied with that, at least for now.

“You programmed—two of me.” She hears the way he struggles to say it and enjoys that too.

“Three. In case you didn’t come—join me. But it’s better with a real person—with you—inside me.”

“All right,” he says. “That we couldn’t have done outside the holodeck.”

She doesn’t point out that they certainly could have, it just would have involved other people. Non-Chakotay people. The holodeck is the entire point of it. “Computer, shower.” It materializes just beyond the pavilion.

“Not sonic?”

“Do you want to shower with me or not?” He follows almost dumbly as she walks to the showerhead and turns it on, as the water cascades down her body.

Chakotay stands behind her and rubs soap on her body—reaches in front of her to wash her breasts until her nipples are slippery and hard, then takes his hand away. He massages his way down her back until he finds her ass and almost hesitantly pushes two fingers inside. She moans at the feeling of it, at the memories it evokes. “I could feel him fucking you, here, while I was inside you.” he says into her ear, and it’s almost a growl. “I could feel him fingering you open against my cock.” He breathes a long shaky breath against her neck. She’s covered in goosebumps. “You’re still full of my come.”

“Not exactly yours,” she says, which produces the desired response when he adds a third finger. She can feel the weight of his cock against her hip. He only came once, she supposes. She spreads her legs a little wider, bends forward a little. “Want to see what you missed?”

His fingers stop moving inside her, as though he’s not sure that he heard her right. Kathryn reaches behind her and grasps his cock, guides it to where his fingers are now. When he pushes inside her, he makes a choked kind of noise and she sees sparks. She bends forward further, enough that he can get a good rhythm, and there it is again, the feeling of him falling apart desperately inside her even as his come is still dripping down her legs and she does feel like something supernatural, something fiery and elemental. She touches her clit—she’s come so many times already but she wants to drag his orgasm out of him with her own, wants to make him lose himself entirely when she clenches tight around him, and so she does it.

This time they more or less collapse to the floor of the shower. “Computer, bathtub,” she says.

Captain's Classic Personal Program #42

Chapter Summary

There's no reason he should know, but Captain's Classic Personal Program #42 has a special place in her heart.

Kathryn assumes that it's Chakotay's turn to unobtrusively invite her to the holodeck, but after two weeks with nothing, she starts to wonder. Which is the opposite of what this is supposed to be—something darkly enjoyable, a thought to turn over in her head when she's on the bridge and staring out at the tenth hour of quiet space. Finally she gets impatient and, on a day when nothing is happening, summons the filthiest memory—the way he gasped as she increased the size of the dildo in his ass, that first time—and looks over at him. She lets the heat show in her eyes and he stares back at her, until his pupils dilate and he clears his throat. He leaves the bridge and fifteen minutes later, returns and hands Kathryn a padd. “Captain, I have the holodeck logs for the past week, if you'd like to review them.” He's breathing a little quickly.

“Of course. Thank you, Chakotay.” She scrolls through it almost unseeing until she finds what she's looking for—and has to smile. There's no reason he should know, but Captain's Classic Personal Program #42 has a special place in her heart. He's reserved 0400 hours, the earliest time that was still available, and her breathing speeds up a little. She catches his eye again and offers the tiniest nod, and he breaks into a wide smile that has no place on the bridge of Voyager.

She replicates something and slips it into her pocket before walking to the holodeck. Chakotay is standing outside this time and she can't help a little laugh at that, a gentle one, so he doesn't think she's mocking him. “You had to pick 0400? Do you know how many cups of coffee I had to drink?”

“Don't pretend you would have been asleep,” he says. They walk through the doors and onto the campus of Starfleet Academy. Kathryn feels the twinge she knew she would at the sight of it, the Golden Gate Bridge mostly shrouded in fog, the cool wet air on her face. They're in cadet uniforms, bags slung over their shoulders. Everyone is in class—the campus isn't deserted by any means, but there are only a few people wandering around. It's too cool a day for many students to be lounging or studying outside, at least not the humans.

“Did you guess?”

“What, that you programmed some part of this one?” Chakotay smiles sheepishly. “I had an inkling.”

“I didn't help write all of them,” Kathryn clarifies. “I had a roommate. After I got back from the Arias expedition and was put on mandatory leave—she wrote for Captain's Classic. I just...helped sometimes.”

He nods toward the big tree. “Did you used to study there too?”

“I studied *inside*,” Kathryn says. “Where it was dry and there was good lighting.”

Chakotay shakes his head and leads them toward it. Kathryn's familiar with it—particularly its role in this program—even if she wasn't one of its devotees. “It's so big that if you sit in just the right place, it blocks out all the other noise.”

“Which part of the scenario did you program me into?”

He looks startled. “I didn't program you in at all. I only had time to select this one.” Kathryn's gut clenches a little and she realizes she's violated one of the cardinal rules—she looked at the program he'd chosen, without any justification that he was abusing the holodeck rules. “It's all right,” he adds. “I like you knowing. You can look—even if you don't plan to join in.”

She should be more worried about the violation of privacy, but there's something deep inside her that likes his offer very much. “All right. Since we're at the tree—” It's about ten minutes until passing period, when the quad will be filled with students and teachers and visitors. “Undress,” she tells him.

“Can I kiss you first?”

The question throws her off balance, and she pulls him into a kiss before she can think better of it. Before she pushes him away, she bites his lip just hard enough that it'll swell a little, just enough that she'll be able to see it. “Now take your clothes off.” Chakotay looks around them. No one is paying attention, but she can see his hesitation. “Or can you not do it,” and she says it flatly, enough to convey a little disappointment in him.

He strips off his shirt defiantly, then pulls off his shoes and his pants. He's already getting hard, even as she sees the goosebumps on his skin from the chilly air, and she pulls something out of her pocket. “Put it on,” she tells him.

Chakotay holds the cock ring in his hand for a moment, turns it over to feel the shape of it. This one is bigger, with one hole to slide his cock through and another for his balls, and when he puts it on he'll be—displayed. She wonders if he notices that it's adjustable—probably not, he'll assume it's just one of the many things that the holodeck creates. “All right,” he says, and just watching him put it on is a treat, the way his chest tightens a little, the long breath that he lets out. He's fully hard by the end, especially when she reaches out to check it, runs her hand over his balls where the skin is drawn tight, fists her hand around his cock and gives him two long strokes. He pushes into it and she takes her hand away.

They stand there for a moment as she admires it. Then Kathryn pulls a folded blanket out of her bag and sets it on the ground between the roots of the tree. She sits down on it, tests for comfort, and then leans back against the tree. She has a very nice view from here, and she almost

regrets it when she says, “Now put your pants back on.”

“What?” She sees the disbelief on his face.

Kathryn sprawls a little more comfortably, lets her knees fall open. She wonders when he’ll think it’s odd that she’s wearing the women’s cadet uniform instead of pants—but he probably has other things on his mind. “I told you to put your pants back on,” she tells him, with enough steel in her voice that he starts to obey almost automatically. He winces a little when he tucks himself back into his underwear, gasps and presses into his own hand when he fastens his pants, and then stands there. “Good,” she says. “Now get down here.”

He half-sits, half-kneels awkwardly in front of her, and that’s when her uniform seems to register—the skirt, the knee-high boots, and then very rapidly the fact that she’s not wearing underwear. “Kathryn—”

“See if you can guess what I want.” She puts a hand on the back of his neck and urges him down, just in case, as she lifts her skirt a little higher.

He’s so good at this, the way he just *goes*, the way he spreads her open and puts the tip of his tongue to her clit, and that first touch of his tongue shoots through her. She grabs his hair and pulls it, feels his groan vibrate against her and pulls his hair again, urging him closer.

The end-of-class bell rings and people flood out of the buildings, talking so animatedly that the noise reaches them even here behind the tree. Chakotay starts to pull back and she holds him there, says “Don’t stop, you’re doing so well,” as he lets out a hot breath across her clit and dives back in. Two students approach, apparently intent on studying under the tree, and she knows Chakotay hears them too from the way his tongue stutters. “Don’t stop,” she tells him again, and she grins recklessly at the students. One of them looks horrified and the other one gives her a thumbs-up before they both walk away. Chakotay slides a finger inside her easily and she clenches tight on it, says “Another,” and he adds a second finger as a group of four more students walk by.

“Hot,” the leader of the group says, and stands there watching, murmuring to her friends.

Chakotay hears them, scissors his fingers a little to make Kathryn moan, takes her clit very delicately between his teeth and sucks on it, and that’s when she comes, crying out. “God you’re so good, you’re perfect,” she tells him, all in between deep breaths, and he really is. Chakotay sits back, carefully not looking at their audience. His lips are glistening and he’s still hard in his uniform, shifting a little back and forth as though that’ll be enough. He starts to withdraw his fingers and Kathryn says, “No.”

“No,” he repeats. He’s very hoarse.

“I’m not done,” she tells him. She holds his gaze until he realizes—it doesn’t take long—and he looks around, blushing.

“There are people here!”

Kathryn laughs. “They’re holodeck characters, not people, Chakotay. I told you I’m not done. Do you need to stop?”

“No.” Of course not.

“Then get back to work.”

“Yes, Captain,” he says, and he leans down again.

Kathryn spreads her legs wider, wanton, and cants her hips up a little. The passing-period bell sounds again and the people dissipate. She sees some of the tension dissipate from his shoulders and wonders if he chose this program for any reason other than his belief that she was involved. School programs are designed for public sex, for getting caught. But then he bends in further, lifts her legs over his shoulders, goes slow and steady this time—almost too slow, every time she urges him faster he slows down a little, and it keeps letting the pressure inside her release just a little, keeps her from reaching that perfect tipping point. “I’ll make you come,” he says against her clit, “but I’ll take my time.” Then he licks just a little, just enough to make the point and no more.

“Maybe I won’t let you come at all,” she muses. “I saw it through your uniform, you’re still hard—the ring will keep you that way. How many times do you think you’ll have to make me come, before I allow you to?” Chakotay groans and she feels him shiver, just before he speeds up again, and that groan is what tips her, what makes her thrust up against his face and clench her legs tight around his neck. This time he only pulls back for a second before he returns, just enough to let her recover from it, and she says “Good boy” without thinking about it. “Good,” she adds, and she loosens her grip on him again—even as her body is still shaking from the last time—and strokes his hair, the shell of his ear, the shape of his cheekbone very gently. “Now give me more.”

She’s so highly sensitized that when he pushes a third finger inside her, it sets her off again—she grabs his wrist, fucks herself through it on his fingers while his mouth keeps working, and she doesn’t know how many more times she can do this but she’s greedy for it, for the feeling itself and for the way he just *obeys*, the way he’s aching hard in his pants but just keeps going as long as she tells him to. “Don’t stop unless I tell you to,” she says, and she’s dripping wet, his fingers thick inside her, his mouth and hand must both be going numb but he obeys until one orgasm bleeds into the next, until she’s not even sure which way is up, and she finally tells him, “Stop.”

Chakotay does, pulling his fingers out of her gently, sitting back on his heels. He smooths her skirt back into place. He looks wrecked, his hair in disarray, eyes dark and lips a little swollen. He wipes his face on his bare arm.

“Good.” She’s too blissful to sit up further, but she beckons him to lie next to her, lean his head against her chest so that she can pet his hair while she regains some amount of equilibrium. He’s not exactly humping her leg but every so often he twitches against her, hard, wanting. “Let me see.” He sits up enough to unfasten his pants and pull his underwear down, enough that she can see the lovely shape of him again. The tip of his cock is messy and she slides her thumb through it, watches his cock jump and licks her thumb clean. “Good,” she says again. She rises to her knees experimentally and, when she’s confirmed that her legs will hold her, stands up.

He's still kneeling there in front of her, underwear bunched beneath his exposed cock and balls, and he lets his head fall forward against her thigh and says, "Kathryn, please."

"Stand up." When he obeys, she carefully arranges his underwear back in place over his strangled whine, fastens his pants. The shape of his hard cock distorts the cloth and it's gorgeous. "You want to come?"

"Please," he says again.

"Computer, end program." They're back in their normal clothes again, his uniform neatly in place, but—

He gasps when the program ends and he's still held tight. "You replicated a real—"

Kathryn drags her knuckles over the front of his pants. She's losing her mind. That's the only explanation for it. "You would walk out of the holodeck like this if I told you to," she says, and it isn't a question. The noise he makes in his throat answers it anyway. Insanity grips her. "Do it. Go to your quarters and wait. Don't touch your cock."

"Kathryn—" There's a plea in his voice, something begging but also wondering. They've never done this before, never done anything outside the holodeck but told each other what time they would be meeting. This violates all of that. But she can't bring herself to take it back, not when she can see him spread out on a bed like this, in reality, wearing something that won't just vanish when one of them ends the program.

"You're lucky I don't send you to the bridge," and who is this person inside her talking? "I'd let you carry something in front of you to hide it, but you'd know, sitting there, desperate to come, and everyone around you would know that something was different about you." His noise shoots straight to her clit, despite how many times she's come. "Go to your quarters and wait. Don't touch your cock."

"How long?" he asks.

"Until I say you can. Now go."

He walks to the doors slowly and pulls off his uniform jacket so that he can hold it in front of himself. She can see his chest heaving beneath his undershirt. With a last look, he leaves the holodeck.

Kathryn doesn't keep him waiting long. She doesn't have the patience for it, not when she wants to watch him fall apart further. He's only been alone in his quarters for maybe five minutes, just enough for him to think about exactly what she told him not to do and what she didn't say.

"Good, you understood." He's naked on his bed, working a finger into his ass.

"You said—not to touch my cock," he pants. "Not anywhere—else."

"It's dangerous to give me ideas. What if I really did make you wear a plug around the ship?" God, it would kill her to know that. She'd end up riding his face in her ready room. From the color high on his cheeks, he knows it too.

"If you told me to, I would," and every time he says things like that she just *wants*. She walks to the bed, reaches down and takes a firm hold of his cock and he cries out, tries to thrust in her hand. His skin is so hot beneath her fingers. She pushes him onto his back and leans in—but diverts, lifts his trapped balls and sucks one into her mouth, and he says "Kathryn, please—anything—please, I'll do anything, just let me—" She releases it, sucks the other one into her mouth and just holds it there, feeling him shake, watching him claw at his mattress. She releases it with a wet kind of pop and he shudders, twists his body, like he's losing all control—all but what she's ordered him to keep. Kathryn pins his hips down and grasps his cock again, guides it to her lips, and she's not cruel, not usually, so she sucks him fast, wet and messy.

His begging isn't even words anymore, just desperate noises, until she finds the catch that releases the entire device and it falls away and he comes just as she pulls off and says "Come." His entire body shakes, eyes blind and hand still working his cock as though he can't quite believe it, pulsing with every shockwave, until his chest is messy with it and his hand slows.

"You did so well," Kathryn says, and she curls next to him on the disastrous bed. "I can't believe you did it." He shivers when she touches his face, so she pets his hair again instead, just running her fingers across the softness of it.

"I think I'm dead." Chakotay is very hoarse. "I think you killed me."

Kathryn doesn't want to leave the bed, so she passes him the half-full glass of water from his bedside table and says, "Drink." He drains it and gives the empty glass back to her. They lie on the bed like that for a long time—too long, Kathryn thinks, when Chakotay moves and grimaces at the sticky mess on his body. "You should take a shower," she tells him.

He smiles wryly. "Yes, I think so too." He moves slowly getting out of bed, as though he doesn't quite have control over his limbs. He hesitates, then says, "You could stay. Shift starts in three hours anyway."

She's going to be wrecked. Usually she manages more than three hours of sleep. "I should go." The thought of getting out of this bed is anathema. "I'm just—going to close my eyes—until you get out of the shower. Then go back."

"Of course, Captain." She can hear the amusement in his voice. "Computer, lights out."

Program Not Found

Chapter Summary

Programmer's Warning: Repeated use of Captain's Classic Personal Programs may result in behavioral changes outside of the holodeck.

It's been a long time since she slept in her clothes. Her body protests as the light around her begins to increase. When she opens her eyes, Chakotay says softly, "Good morning."

"Nnngh."

He props himself up on his elbow to look down at her, then brushes a stray piece of hair out of her face. "Let me kiss you."

It's dangerous, doing this outside of the holodeck, but she can't bring herself to deny it. "Yes," she says, and he's already leaning down to fit his lips to hers, to stroke her jaw until she opens her mouth to him. The kiss is slow, searching, and she lays her hand on the back of his neck to hold him there.

The computer announces, "It is time to wake up."

Chakotay pulls away with a regretful smile. He kisses the tip of her nose and this is so far beyond what she intended—she should have known better than to leave the holodeck with him. Then he rolls out of bed and walks to the replicator. "Coffee, black." He hands the cup to Kathryn and she inhales deeply. "You may want to do something about your hair before you leave here," he says.

Kathryn gropes at her hair with one hand while downing the cup of coffee. It's escaped from the usual coil, pins snagged in it. "What do you think they would say if I walked onto the bridge wearing a braid instead?"

She sees the flush on his lips, his neck. "You know what they would say, Captain."

Of course she does. She drains the mug and passes it to him. "How long do we have until we need to be on the bridge?"

"Thirty minutes, give or take—" He shifts a little. "Why?"

"I'd like more coffee," she tells him, and he gets it for her. When she's finished that cup too, she goes to the replicator herself. "Get back on the bed," she says, and she sees the slight shiver, the way his shoulders relax and his nipples start to harden. "On your hands and knees."

"Yes, Captain." His voice takes on an almost liquid quality and he obeys.

She contemplates taking off some part of her uniform, decides against it. There's a certain thrill to having him undressed—vulnerable—in front of her when she's still fully dressed. The lubricant is still sitting by his side of the bed and she picks it up before kneeling on the bed behind him. His sleep pants slide off his hips easily and she lets them pool around his knees. "Spread your legs wider." She strokes his spine, feels the ridge of each disc as she goes, until her finger is just touching the rim of his hole. "I saw you last night," she says. "Getting around my order not to touch your cock." She presses the tip of her finger in, tests the resistance, and then pulls away and opens the lube. "I could make you do this yourself, you know. You should be grateful."

"I am." His voice is raspy, and he jumps a little when she touches him again with a slick finger. She circles around and around the rim, pressing down, almost tugging a little, but never pushing inside, and he says "Captain—" in that liquid voice, like he's drunk on whatever she's doing.

"Really, I don't have time for this," she tells him, and now she does work her finger in slowly, in and out, a little further each time. She withdraws her finger, adds more lube and slides it all the way back in before she says, "Can you take another now?"

"Yes," he promises, and she feels him open to it, feels the way he relaxes around her a little until she's pumping two fingers in and out. He's so hot inside, so soft, and every breath ends in a kind of quiet little noise, barely audible.

"You're being so good," she tells him, and that's when she takes out the butt plug. "I'm going to put this in your ass. And then you're going to put your uniform on, and you're going to walk onto the bridge and stay there with it in until I call you into my ready room."

He turns his head to look back at her and she twists her fingers in his ass, spreads them a little. His mouth opens for a minute in a silent O before he says "Yes, Captain," with a delicious kind of quiver in his voice.

"Tell me now if you can't do it." This had damn well better be a quiet shift. "If you can't handle it."

He's still staring back at her. "No—I can." She pulls her fingers out to the knuckle, scissors them again and he gulps, says, "I can," again.

"Good." The plug is thicker than her fingers, the flared base bulbous. She shows him as she slicks it up, until it's dripping lube, and then she works it into his ass. He resists a little at first, the ring of muscle clenching tight, but she's patient, tells him, "Breathe, relax," and waits until he nods to push it the rest of the way in. It goes smoothly now, until all but the base has disappeared inside him, and she pushes his cheeks together for a moment to hide the base before releasing him. "Get dressed and get to the bridge," she tells him. "I need a shower."

Kathryn is running high on it by the time she reaches the bridge, another cup of coffee (is this her third or fourth? They seem to end up empty as soon as she refills them). She masturbated when she got out of the shower, just to take the edge off, but Chakotay hasn't gotten the chance. He's sitting very carefully in his chair, and every so often he shifts position a little and gets a bit redder. Thank god the Doctor isn't here on the bridge to announce dilated pupils and increased pulse to everyone. After saying her good mornings to everyone, and after fifteen uneventful minutes have passed, she says, "I'll be in my ready room" and stands. When Chakotay starts to follow, she shakes her head, and she watches the line of his throat as he swallows hard.

It's even better in here, imagining him trying to get comfortable, distracted by the unforgiving weight spreading his ass open. She makes him wait another thirty minutes before she comms, "Commander Chakotay to my ready room." When he walks in, she engages privacy mode and stands up.

"Captain," he says. She thinks he might be sweating a little.

"Bend over the desk," she tells him. He obeys. Kathryn stands behind him and slides her hand up and down the crack of his ass, finding the slight bulge of the plug base through his pants, and presses hard.

He makes a noise like it's been punched out of him. "*Captain—*"

Kathryn reaches her arms around him to unfasten his pants, pulls them down with his underwear just enough that she can find the base of the plug and pull it out of him very slowly, enjoying the sounds he makes. When it's all the way out, she pushes three fingers into his ass and says, "There, that's what I wanted. You're still slick and open, I could put anything in you. For now, though—" She listens to his moan as she removes her fingers, puts the tip of the plug to his hole and then fucks him with it, fast and hard and he just *takes* it, arches his back and spreads his legs wider and says "please, *please*" again, until she presses it all the way back in and leaves it there. She can almost feel his disbelief and she says, "We have to keep you ready for the next time I get bored and decide to call you in."

He shivers at that. Kathryn returns to her seat on the other side of the desk and looks at him standing there, pants around his thighs, cock hard. "I'd like to watch you come like this," she says. "Just don't make a mess."

Chakotay's breath catches on the inhale. "No, Captain." He's already closing his hand around his cock, fucking into his fist and bracing himself on the desk with the other hand.

When his eyelids flutter closed, Kathryn orders "Look at me," and suddenly he's staring into her eyes as his muscles tense and he speeds up. She barely remembers to warn "Don't make noise," hypnotized at the sight of him, and it only takes a few more strokes before he's coming into his hand, his entire body shaking. She knows he's feeling the plug in his ass as he comes, clenching around the shape of it. He lets out a long breath.

Kathryn stands up again and walks to him. She passes him a cloth to clean up—he looks at it like he doesn't know what to do with it—and rearranges him, pulls his underwear and then his pants back up. "Good," she tells him, and kisses the side of his neck—damn it, where is this coming from—and then his jaw, until he does tilt his head down and kiss her mouth. "Get back onto the bridge until I call you in here again. Try not to look so much like you just came." He staggers away, a little dazed.

She's wet, so wet, after seeing that. How long is reasonable to wait before she calls him back in here? There's something in here that wants to do more, wants to fuck him open with more than just the plug. Kathryn looks around her ready room for something—it's full of mementos, of gifts, of decorations—until she sees it. It's a statue, just barely, metal with the barest suggestions of decorative whorls, all gently rounded. Maybe ten inches and she won't put the whole thing in him by any means, just wants to watch him as he sees it, as he feels something entirely new entering him.

Kathryn puts the statue on her desk as a display, replicates some oil just in case, and waits another thirty minutes to call in both Chakotay and Tom Paris. Tom reports on the status of the shuttles, three of which have been under repair for what seems like an eternity, and Kathryn half-listens while waiting for Chakotay to notice what's changed on her desk. Tom wraps up with, "That's a nice statue, Captain. Are you redecorating?"

"Trying out a few new things," and she sees the realization hit Chakotay, watches him lick his lips a little nervously. "Thank you, Mr. Paris. You're dismissed." When the door shuts behind him, she says, "How are things on the bridge?"

Chakotay tilts his head a little. "Proceeding normally." He offers her a few padds.

"Put them on the desk," she says. He does, and then stays bent over the desk, waiting. Kathryn cups his cheek in her hand. "Good, you knew what I was going to say." He nods as she stands and walks around the desk, and he's already unfastening his pants, already pulling them down and spreading his legs. She strokes his hip, trails her hand down to his inner thigh, whispers, "You're beautiful like this," and feels the way he presses against her hand. Then, very slowly, she pulls the plug out of him. "How are you doing?"

"I'm fine, Captain," and the way he shivers when she rubs her thumb across his rim with slow, firm pressure tells her that he still is.

"Can you take it?"

He turns his head to look at the statue. "Yes, Captain." That's his drunken voice again, like he doesn't know what to do with himself.

"Good." She pours oil in her hand and spreads it over the statue—it's heavy for its size and smooth, no edges that might hurt him. He gasps in a deep breath when she starts to push it into him, one hand holding him in place and the other gripped around the base. "Relax," she reminds him, and she sees the way he's already stretched obscenely around the unforgiving weight of it. "You're doing so well," and she presses it in another inch, then pulls it all the way out and watches his hole close. Kathryn pushes it in deeper this time, just holds it there, and then she takes his hand and wraps it around the base and says "Go on."

"Captain—"

“Fuck yourself with it. I want to see how much of it you can take.” He makes a sound that doesn’t qualify as a word and takes a deep breath, then pushes the statue in slowly, inexorably, fucking it in and out to take it deeper. “God, you’re so good, you’re perfect,” Kathryn says, and she keeps one hand anchored on his hip as she watches him doing it. “The way you open around it—you don’t have to take it all, I just want to watch you—you should see the way you look—” and she doesn’t know where these words are coming from, when she says “I want to keep you like this forever,” what she even means by it, what he means when he chokes out “yes” and gets it inside him down to the base.

He slides the whole length of it in and out, over and over, until he’s gasping and then he says, “Please—let me touch you—”

She must be losing her mind but she wants his mouth on her desperately, and so she undresses just enough to give him access, braces herself against the desk as he repositions—god he’s going to do this with that entire thing stretching his ass open, after wearing a butt plug for the last two hours—and his mouth goes straight to her clit. He doesn’t bother with finesse or trying to drag it out, just licks fast and hard and she says again, “You’re perfect, you’re perfect” as she comes.

They’re quiet for a moment, and Kathryn tries desperately to regain control of herself. “Can you come again?” she asks him.

“I can try.”

“Sit back,” she tells him, and he must realize what she means because he rearranges himself until he’s sitting directly on the base of the statue, legs extended, so that she can straddle him and slide all the way down on his cock. They both jolt from the feeling of it and this position puts their faces very close together, so close that when Kathryn begins to fuck herself on his cock, he keeps kissing her in between gasps, open-mouthed and messy until they’re barely kisses at all, just mouths touching. Her body is still singing from the first orgasm, from the knowledge that everything he’s done today has been because she told him to do it, the knowledge that forever after this, after she’s cleaned the statue and put it back on her shelf, she’ll remember what she made him do with it. He’s moaning aloud, into her mouth, and she can’t bring herself to tell him to be quiet because she loves the noises that he’s making.

This time when she comes, she pulls his head to one side and bites the juncture of his neck and shoulder, hard enough to bruise, and it must work for him because she feels him coming too, pumping desperately inside her as she manages to whisper, “You’re so good for me” into his ear. The Kazon could attack, the Vidlians, the Borg—nothing could induce her to end this moment.

It has to end eventually, of course. She lifts herself up off his cock and then pushes him onto his side so that she can gently pull the statue out of his ass. He sighs in relief when it’s out and she kisses the place where she bit him—already purpling—and says, “I think that’s enough for today.”

Chakotay turns his head enough to catch her mouth in another kiss and there was never supposed to be this much kissing but it’s so good with him, the particular way his tongue strokes against her own, the way he smells when their faces are very close, the tiniest scratch of stubble even when he looks clean-shaven. “They might be wondering where we are,” he mumbles.

“Tuvok,” she says.

He teases, “No, it’s Chakotay,” and she l—she likes that smile.

“Tuvok can handle it for another ten minutes.” She sits up anyway and tries to rearrange her clothes. She’ll almost certainly have to replicate a fresh uniform.

Chakotay lifts his hips enough to pull his pants back up, then sits up too with a slight wince. “Your hair is—let me help you.” When Kathryn doesn’t refuse, he takes it all down, picking hairpins out and combing through it with his fingers. She luxuriates in the feeling, allows him to braid it back gently, not at all the way she was wearing it before. “There.” He kisses the top of her head quickly, like he knows it’s the last kiss for now, and stands up. When he offers Kathryn his hand, she takes it and lets him help her to her feet.

“Good work, Chakotay,” she says, absurdly.

He smiles wryly. “I aim to please my captain.”

“You always do.”

Captain's Classic Personal Program #25

Chapter Summary

They're on an alien planet, the sky a sharp blue, in a field of red-stemmed grasses and what look like dandelions with purple pappi scattering in the slightest breeze. A ways away, there's a shuttle, and they're both still dressed like themselves. Kathryn has a botanical tricorder on her belt where a phaser would usually go. The air is thick with pollen, visible in the sunlight.

Chakotay sways a little. He stumbles forward a few steps toward her and grabs her by the waist, pulls her close against him. "Something in the air," he says, and inhales deeply.

Kathryn lies in bed that night and thinks to herself, no, it's all right. Nothing has been done that can't be undone. One slip-up, one—encounter—outside the holodeck, that's forgivable. No more. "Computer, schedule Captain's Classics Personal Program #25 for first available holodeck timeslot," she says.

"Earliest available is in twenty-six hours at 0400," the computer tells her. "Select timeslot?"

"Confirmed." She's too tired to bother with even the most rudimentary of pretenses, just sends Chakotay a message on her padd that says *Your turn to review holodeck schedule*, drops the padd onto the bedside table, and is asleep in minutes.

* * * * *

He joins her in the holodeck at 0400. They've interacted entirely normally for the past twenty-six hours, not counting the six spent asleep, and this is why it's so important to keep things contained on the holodeck, so that it's easy to maintain the mental separation. "What are we doing today?" He smiles at her too easily.

She hasn't started the program yet. "The program will cause—intoxication, but you can stop it at any time," she tells him. "Even now, if you prefer."

Have his eyes always been so hot when he looks at her? "I trust you," he says. "Whatever you want."

"And what if I want—" She doesn't have a noun planned for the end of that sentence.

"I don't think you want to hurt me," he says, and she knows what he means by *hurt*. *Damage* might be a better word. "So I trust whatever you want."

It's intoxicating to hear. Even though he trusts her every day with his life, it's different here. "Computer, begin program."

They're on an alien planet, the sky a sharp blue, in a field of red-stemmed grasses and what look like dandelions with purple pappi scattering in the slightest breeze. A ways away, there's a shuttle, and they're both still dressed like themselves. Kathryn has a botanical tricorder on her belt where a phaser would usually go. The air is thick with pollen, visible in the sunlight.

Chakotay sways a little. He stumbles forward a few steps toward her and grabs her by the waist, pulls her close against him. "Something in the air," he says, and inhales deeply.

Kathryn doesn't pull away, but she uses the tricorder to tell her exactly what she already knows. "Pollen in the air," she tells him. She puts the tricorder away. "It might—affect our behavior." She can feel it already, the molasses kind of way that it spreads through her body, the way that her skin suddenly feels hypersensitized, so that every time Chakotay touches her—every time the calluses on his fingers catch the slightest bit on her skin—it goes straight through her like an electric shock.

He doesn't fight it—of course not, why would either of them fight it—just traces one finger down the bridge of her nose, under each of her eyes, along her jawline and then to her lips. Every touch leaves tiny visible sparks in its wake, the slightest afterimages dazzling her eyes. He strokes the softness of her throat, leans down and kisses just below her jawbone, and she'd forgotten how overwhelming this program is, how intensely it magnifies every sensation.

His uniform unravels beneath her fingers as she slides them down his chest, falling away like bits of burning paper to reveal his bare skin. When she licks the hollow at the base of his throat, he gasps and she sees the impression of her tongue left in slowly fading light. Her hand leaves a print that stays a little longer, and he stares down at it. Then he dissolves her clothing with his hands—first the uniform itself, then her bra beneath it with a firm grasp, even as she drags her own hands around his waist and down his thighs, until they're both naked. The world tilts on its axis and they're on the ground, strangely soft beneath them.

Chakotay sits at her feet and slowly kisses his way up her body, putting his mouth on every inch of her, from the bony jut of her ankle, up the insides of her thighs. His mouth is soft and bright and the pure sensation is overwhelming in the best way, so good that it crawls up and down her spine searching for some escape, on and on. It feels almost chaste—comparatively, at least—except for the one brief moment when he spreads her legs a little wider and touches just the tip of his tongue to her clit, just for a second. She sees the sparks that it leaves on the tip of his tongue—then on the flat of his tongue when he wets it and *licks*. It's only once but it makes her shiver all over, even as he proceeds up further, kisses across the shape of her abdomen, up her ribcage and then each breast just below the nipple. She's not—writhing, not exactly, but she can't keep still as he advances. "*Chakotay*," she breathes, when he flicks his tongue across her nipple. Light flickers in the empty air where his tongue was, and she arches up toward him. He hesitates and it's too long, she grips his arms and rolls them over.

His eyes are wide as he stares up at her, and when she squeezes his biceps his breath catches. Her fingers leave shining impressions on his skin when she releases him and braces her body above him. Kathryn kisses the shell of his ear, down along his neck, until she reaches the right place and sets her teeth into skin, sucks at it—and all the while, sways back and forth above him so that her nipples slide against his chest hair. He groans and brings one hand to the back of her head, holding her in place, and then takes her nipple between two fingers of his other hand. She sucks harder and he pinches her nipple a little harder and all she can see is sparkling light now. She wants his cock in her, can feel the head slipping back and forth against her clit, dipping almost inside her—and this moment could last eternally, unbearable with anticipation as it is. She finally lifts her mouth from the messy mark she's left, light flowing in to cover it, and Chakotay releases her nipple and urges her upward so he can suck gently at it. She's too far up his body to slide onto his cock, but he puts three fingers inside her all at once and she comes instantly, caught between the stretch of his fingers and the sweet pressure of his tongue.

He pulls his slippery fingers out and she can't, she's never been so desperate to get him back inside her. His cock is thick and solid when she guides it inside her, and they both make a noise she's never heard before, a kind of keening desperation. "Kathryn—" Chakotay tries to grab her hip and his slick fingers slip across her skin. She rocks in the cradle of his hips, on the edge of frantic, to get him deeper. He rolls them then and the motion pushes his cock further inside her—they both gasp and the pollen swirls around them as they grasp at each other.

When Chakotay comes, he thrusts hard and she wraps her legs around his waist to hold him in place as he pulses. She doesn't release him—he stares at her wide-eyed as they both feel him harden again inside her. There are things Kathryn wants him to do—fill her with his fingers and eat her out until she comes again—but she doesn't want him to slide out, doesn't want that absence for the briefest moment. He buries his face against her shoulder and cries out as she clenches around him, gasps in a shaky breath when she urges him on with her heels, and their bodies move together, sinuous. There's golden light soaking their skin as she comes again, almost violently.

While she's still shuddering around him, Chakotay lifts her legs to rest on his shoulders, and like this he can snap his hips and get even deeper with every thrust. He stares at her body, her face, as he does, like some kind of—revelation, and this time when he comes the entire world goes white around them.

They come back to reality—holo-reality—as a warm wind blows, sweeping the pollen from the air around them. Kathryn untangles herself from Chakotay, delicious shivers still running through her body, and sits up slowly. There's a pond nearby, full of crystal turquoise water, and she walks there on unsteady legs as her head begins to clear a little. Chakotay follows, a little slower, until they're both shoulder-deep in the water. "That was—incredible," Chakotay says, the first words of sense that either of them has uttered since the program began.

"It's a good program," Kathryn agrees. She doesn't want to see the pinprick of disappointment in his eyes at her answer, so she pulls him into a kiss again—the pollen may be gone, but she has the excuse of still being in the holodeck. Chakotay opens his mouth to her kiss, wraps his arms around her, and they stand there in the water kissing for what seems like an eternity—or until the holodeck announces, "Five minutes remaining in program," and Kathryn pulls back.

"Computer," she says, and Chakotay looks regretful. "Restore clothing and end program."

They are, abruptly, back in their uniforms in a very sterile holodeck. They're only a few inches apart. Kathryn can't let herself kiss him again, but she reaches her hand up to stroke his cheek once before she leaves the holodeck.

Commander's Customized Program #1

Chapter Summary

There's something familiar about the surroundings when she walks into the holodeck, and her breath catches when she realizes what it is. This is—the forest on their New Earth. There's the river she always regarded with some trepidation, and there beside it is Chakotay, kneeling next to an upturned wooden canoe. "Kathryn," he says, and waves at her.

She walks over, a little disbelieving. When she crouches to pick up one of the wooden oars, it's damp and cool in her hand. "The boat."

"We never got to go on that camping trip." His voice cautious, almost hesitant. "I thought it might be a good time to explore the river."

Chapter Notes

Look, I REALLY TRIED to write porn without getting lots of messy feelings into it, but I JUST CANT.

Kathryn values honesty. It's why she and Tuvok have always worked together so well—aside from the incident with the Sikarans, she's always known that he'll be honest with her, with a general disregard for how it might affect her emotionally. Right now, though, Kathryn has the uncomfortable sense that maybe she's not being entirely honest with herself. Because she has a message from Chakotay on her padd and an unopened holodeck schedule file and she has a thousand other things to do but all she can think about is that message.

"Oh hell," she says, and opens the message. It's perfunctory, a reminder that it's her turn to review the schedule. He's blocked off—strange, he's blocked off multiple hours in a row, she can't imagine how he managed to do it. She doesn't recognize the outlines of the program code either—it appears to be multiple different programs, patched together and merged here and there—but she recognizes the code that signifies her likeness well enough, and that means he wants her there.

There's something familiar about the surroundings when she walks into the holodeck, and her breath catches when she realizes what it is. This is—the forest on New Earth. There's the river she always regarded with some trepidation, and there beside it is Chakotay, kneeling next to an upturned wooden canoe. "Kathryn," he says, and waves at her.

She walks over, a little disbelieving. When she crouches to pick up one of the wooden oars, it's damp and cool in her hand. "The boat."

"We never got to go on that camping trip." His voice cautious, almost hesitant. "I thought it might be a good time to explore the river."

Kathryn still remembers how her hands had been covered in dirt when he showed her the diagram, how she'd wanted to touch the screen and make suggestions but the comm traffic had come through. "Why not," she says. "I'm trusting your boat-building skills, Chakotay. If I drown in a holodeck river, I'll be very unhappy."

"I'll keep that in mind," he says. "Here, help me get it to the river."

The boat is lighter than she expects. "Are you sure this is solid?"

The dimple appears in his cheek. "Not in the least. It's only photons and force fields." He pretends to fumble his end and then laughs at her gasp of outrage.

"I would smack you with an oar if I could reach one," Kathryn says, and Chakotay raises an eyebrow at her before guiding the boat gently into the water.

"See, it floats," he says. "We're off to a good start."

She can't help laughing. "Now what?"

Chakotay wades into the river a little and holds the boat steady. "Now you get in." It's a splashing scramble to get into the boat without tipping it over, even with Chakotay holding the edge firmly. He passes her the oars and then scrambles in himself. For a moment, they're very close and the sun is almost dazzling in her eyes—but then Chakotay sits back without so much as stealing a kiss and takes one of the oars. "Push off gently," he says.

They scrape their paddles across the shallow river's edge as they edge slowly into the center of the river, where the current catches them. The trees are tall and mossy around them, the sun shining down. There's a screech, and then another screech, very close by, and—"oh!" A primate has leapt from the riverbank to crouch in the front of the canoe. "Hello there," Kathryn says, offering her hand, and this time the primate gives a slightly friendlier screech before turning its back on her to watch the river.

"I still don't think you could domesticate one very easily," Chakotay says. He's seated behind Kathryn, but he slides forward a little, lets her scoot back until she's leaning against his chest. She can feel each deep breath he takes, the warmth of his breath when he exhales against her neck.

“Do you think he’ll be our guide?” she asks. “We don’t exactly have—charts of the river or other navigational tools. Or—anything, really.”

“I brought a pack with what we’ll need,” Chakotay says into her ear. When she turns her head, she sees a worn rucksack tucked into the back. Chakotay leans forward just a little and catches her mouth with his own before she can turn her head forward again. He rests one hand lightly on her cheek as they kiss, tongues lazy, until the boat rocks and she has to stifle a slight shriek. She breaks away and looks forward.

The river is running faster now, the tall trees replaced with high banks and scrub brush. “Chakotay,” she says, “exactly how much do you know about this river?”

The boat jolts a little and Chakotay grabs both sides. “It should be—safe,” he yells. The noise of the river is increasing.

“How do you define safe?” There’s mist hanging over the river ahead, mist that looks suspiciously like the top of a waterfall.

“It’s a setting on the holodeck protocols! Safe!” They’re narrowly avoiding large rocks now, water splashing up over the edges of the boat as they rock.

“That is *not* a setting!” Their primate guide shrieks and Chakotay clutches Kathryn tight against him as the boat shoots out across the top of the waterfall—
and lands in calm waters only a meter or two down.

Kathryn tries to slow her pounding heart as the boat drifts lazily away from the waterfall. They’re both soaking wet now. The sun is growing low on the horizon, and if there’s one thing that she remembers from their time on New Earth, it’s that darkness—and cold—come very quickly. Chakotay must know it too, because he calls, “We should look for somewhere to put in for the night!”

The primate is screeching and pointing up ahead. “Chakotay! It looks like a cabin!”

“What, you don’t want to camp?” Chakotay is already steering them toward the river bank. There isn’t exactly a dock, but some logs are piled and bound along the side of the river bank. With a lot of banging (and swearing) and more splashing, they manage to get close enough that Chakotay can jump out with a rope and pull the boat up out of the water. Kathryn climbs out as soon as they’re into shallow waters, shivering a little, the pack slung over one shoulder. “Help me tie the boat up,” Chakotay says, and there are a few long chilly moments during which they drag the boat further out of the water and lash it to the wooden piling.

Kathryn’s fingers are cold enough that they don’t work as well as they should. “This is a little more like the camping I used to do!”

“What, the camping you hated?” She catches the quick flash of Chakotay’s teeth in a smile as he finishes tying off the last knot. “I’m not sure you’ll want to use this river as your bathtub.”

“Come on,” Kathryn says. “Let’s see what’s inside the cabin.” Their primate friend has already bounded ahead and is climbing up onto the roof. Chakotay offers her a hand up the uneven path and they go to investigate.

The door is made of neatly-planed wood, its hinges suspiciously similar to those on the doors of their old modular home. The cabin itself is tightly built of wooden logs, each corner meticulously joined to keep out any draft. When Kathryn turns on the camp lantern, she sees that it’s a single large room, with one door that she suspects leads to a bathroom. “I’ll get a fire going,” Chakotay says.

Kathryn says nothing. Some of the furniture is familiar, the same as what they had in the modular home, but there’s a large sofa draped with fraying quilts, and a single large bed, with the headboard that she remembers watching him make for her. Her throat is very tight. “This is the cabin you were going to build?” she asks. It’s hard to get the words out.

Chakotay looks up sharply from where he’s arranged logs in the fireplace—a modern thing, the frame coated in a special heat-reflective polymer. The flicker of firelight plays across his face and makes his tattoo look like it’s moving. “Not quite,” he says, and his voice is rough. “I said we would be able to add more rooms, remember?”

She turns slowly, lifting the light. “But something like this.”

“Yes,” he admits—and why should she think of it as an admission? That Chakotay has—has carefully patched together different holoprograms, has re-created the world they shared and is sharing it again with her now? Is he—

Fortunately, Kathryn shivers dramatically at that moment and realizes that she’s dripping on the floor. “I suppose I should—”

“Yes,” he says. “The fire will—warm the place up, soon. We can dry the clothes overnight.”

She undresses quickly, at first, kicking off her boots and wet socks, and then feels Chakotay’s eyes on her. Kathryn meets his eyes and slows down—she didn’t realize until now, but the holodeck has her wearing the old shirt of his that she used to wear when she was out in the woods. It’s clinging to her skin and she takes the buttons one at a time. Chakotay’s eyes are greedy for each little bit of skin she reveals as she undoes them, and she can feel the fire starting to warm her by the time she reaches the last button. Kathryn slips out of the shirt gradually, lets it slide across her skin and leave a damp trail as Chakotay watches. She sees him flex his hands and clench them—unconsciously—and she drapes the wet shirt over the back of a chair. The pants have a button-fly, and she pops the buttons open slowly, a tiny noise that echoes nevertheless as Chakotay watches. When she slides the final one through the buttonhole and eases the pants down over her hips, she hears the breath catch in his throat. “You must be cold in those clothes,” she points out, and her voice is raspy.

“I suppose so,” Chakotay says. He wrestles his own shirt off over his head in a single motion, barely breaking his gaze on her, and she admires the way his damp chest almost glows in the light of the fire. He strips off his pants quickly too, discards them on the floor with his shirt, until he’s wearing nothing but his thin briefs. She can see the outline of his cock clearly through the fabric.

Kathryn walks slowly toward the fire in her bra and underwear, damp for an entirely different reason. She flicks open the catch of her bra

behind her back so that it loosens, but doesn't slide the straps off her shoulders yet. "You built this cabin for us."

He reaches out and slips the bra down her arms, then cups her breasts in both hands, letting his thumbs brush her nipples, stiff in the chill. "I would have," he breathes, and his hands are hot on her skin.

Kathryn swallows the noise she wants to make at the feeling of his hands and instead touches his cheek. "You would have built the cabin for us," she repeats, and oh she can't help but jump when he drops one hand to the waist of her underwear and slips it inside, teasing his fingers over her without actually touching. She spreads her legs a little almost unconsciously, but he doesn't take the invitation.

"I would have," he agrees, and slides his hand around to grip her ass and pull her tight against him. His cock is hot and hard beneath the chill damp of his underwear, and she's suddenly frantic to get it off of him, to get her hands on his bare skin. He hisses when she does.

"Where did you imagine us?" Kathryn asks. Her lips are a breath away from his as she presses her soft stomach against his cock and feels it twitch a little. "Where did you want—"

"The bed," Chakotay says, as though it's an embarrassing thing to admit, and suddenly he's swept her into a—bridal carry. She likes to think of herself as unflappable, but she shrieks at the surprise of it, and again when he lays her out on the bed. He drags her underwear off as he lifts his hand away and Kathryn can't help canting her hips up toward him, desperate for the touch of his fingers or his tongue between her legs. When Chakotay climbs onto the bed too, he sheds the last of his clothing and then they're tangled naked together, the fire crackling a few feet away.

"It's a good cabin," Kathryn says, and then she can't help kissing him, losing herself in his mouth as his hands roam across her skin. When she pulls away to catch a breath, he leans down to suck one of her nipples between his lips and she clasps her hand tightly against the back of his head. His tongue is wondrous, the way he flicks it across her nipple, and when he glances up and catches her watching in frank admiration, he smiles against her breast.

"Tell me what you want, Kathryn," he says, and usually she would know, she would know what to tell him to do, but all she can say is "Touch me—"

"Always." He breathes it against the space between her breasts, drops his hand between her legs again and traces across the hair there, over her clit and her entrance without ever dipping down to the skin, and it's only when she makes a frantic kind of noise that he touches his fingertip directly to her clit. It shouldn't feel this intense, but it *does*, she grips his shoulder tight and spreads her legs wantonly, tries to press up against his finger to get more friction.

Kathryn kisses him, hard and urgent, none of the laziness of before, lets the slick slide of her tongue against his tell him what more she wants. He almost shudders against her as she does, murmurs her name against her lips before he slides down her body to between her legs and licks her clit in a long, firm stroke, eyes fixed on hers. Kathryn is mesmerized by his eyes as he watches her, at the same time that he works her higher and higher, the pressure of his tongue perfect against her. He never looks away, only breathes faster as she does, as her hips move restlessly beneath him, as she slides her fingers through his hair but doesn't press his head down. When she comes, clenching around nothing, his eyes are fixed on her face and he licks her through it, through the whimpering little noises that she can't swallow back, through the moment when she says "Chakotay" and reaches down to brush her fingers across his tattoo—and she comes again then, spine arching, other hand slamming back against the headboard to find anything to grasp.

His gaze is inexorable, unending, as he moves back up her body and slides inside slowly—her muscles flutter as he does and he makes a choked-off noise like he's been electrocuted. Chakotay never takes his eyes from hers as he finally fills her completely, as he rocks against her body with little thrusts that are almost too much, until she urges him faster, deeper. His eyes are wide, almost wondering, and when he comes he cries out "Kathryn" and finally breaks eye contact to kiss her neck as he pulses inside her.

She's reluctant to let him go, holding him there with her legs wrapped around his hips and clenching around his softening cock until he drags in a ragged breath, almost shaking, and she releases him. When he falls back against the pillow, chest heaving, Kathryn lays a possessive arm across his chest and feels his heart pounding in his ribcage. He turns his head toward her and Kathryn presses her forehead against his.

"You made this for us."

He smiles wearily. "It made it easier to say."

She tightens her arm. "It's more than I can—"

"I know, Kathryn. It'll be here when you can."

She presses her forehead harder against his until it's almost painful, like if she clings to him enough, she can simplify everything. "I want to stay," she tells him, and it costs her almost everything to say even that.

Chakotay adjusts their positions until he's curled against her back, one arm around her ribcage so he can lay his hand over her heart. "I'll be here," he tells her, and kisses the back of her neck.

Commander's Customized Program #2

Chapter Summary

"I knew all you really wanted was coffee and a bathtub," he teases.

"What else could I want?" Kathryn gestures with the mug. "Coffee, a bath, you naked with me—" Is he *blushing*?

"A data terminal with an exciting new spatial anomaly to examine?"

Kathryn is always—greedy for the next time together in the holodeck, but there's something almost frantic beating inside her now. There's a certain softness to Chakotay's eyes when they look at each other on the bridge, and Kathryn knows she's smiling more than she usually does. It feels like everyone on the bridge must be able to see it, like she must be blushing whenever their fingers touch, but no one says anything. When they're together in her ready room, she sits too close to him to feel the warmth of his body and—what is this? Two weeks ago she had him spread open on her desk, only a few feet away, following her orders and fucking himself open, and it was deeply satisfying, but this is something different, frightening.

"I have the holodeck reserved for us," Chakotay says abruptly, when they finish reviewing the latest science division reports together. It's the end of beta shift and Kathryn had started to contemplate eating something, but her attention snaps to him. They've never been quite so blatant about it. "At 0630." He inhales carefully. "If you'd like to join me."

Kathryn's breath catches and she blurts "Yes" without considering it. "0630?" she adds. "There had better be coffee involved," and that feels a little more normal.

He breaks into a broad smile. "Of course."

* * * * *

She enters the holodeck and finds herself under the blankets in their cabin—she can't help calling it that in her head. The air is sharp, a little chilly, but there's a fire in the fireplace and Chakotay is at the little kitchen area. The smell of freshly-ground coffee beans wafts toward her. Chakotay is shirtless, and she admires the shape of his body, the deftness of his hands, as he measures out grounds into a filter and pours hot water over the top. "That's my favorite way to make coffee at—my apartment," she says, because *home* doesn't seem like quite the right thing to call it. "How did you know?"

He turns and smiles at her. "Those ralpa beans we found—Neelix wanted to make a coffee substitute with them, and you told him to brew it this way."

That was weeks ago. "The only downside is that it takes a little longer," Kathryn says.

Chakotay nods. "I can only assume it tastes better for the added anticipation." His smile is a little mischievous. "There's something outside I think you'll like, while you wait."

"Oh?"

"Go take a look. I'll bring you the coffee when it's ready, I promise."

She has to brace herself against the chill to get out of bed. There's a soft robe folded on the couch, and she wraps it around herself before stepping outside. Kathryn can't stop a small shriek when she opens the door—everything is covered in snow, more flakes falling lightly from the sky. Her outrage fades rapidly when she sees the steaming bathtub only a few feet away, plenty big enough for two people. There's nothing to do but run for the tub, abandoning her robe at the last possible second.

The hot water is a glorious shock to her entire body. She sinks down into it until the water is up to her neck and closes her eyes, reveling in the feeling of it. "I thought you might like it," Chakotay says softly. She smells coffee and opens her eyes to see that he's holding a tall mug, snowflakes melting as they land on his bare shoulders.

"It's incredible." Kathryn takes the mug from Chakotay and he leaves his pants atop her robe and climbs into the tub as well. She lifts the mug just in time to keep the wave of hot water from splashing in, and takes a long luxurious drink of it. Then, because she has manners, she offers the mug to Chakotay. "You make very good coffee," she tells him.

He accepts it, takes a sip, and then hands it back. "I knew all you really wanted was coffee and a bathtub," he teases.

"What else could I want?" Kathryn gestures with the mug. "Coffee, a bath, you naked with me—" Is he *blushing*?

"A data terminal with an exciting new spatial anomaly to examine?"

She can't help her smile. "Well, yes. But not at the moment." She finishes the coffee in two more long gulps and sets the mug on the edge of the bathtub. "Right now, I have everything I want."

Chakotay grins and pulls her gently against him, rearranges their bodies so that she's leaning back against his chest, submerged to her chin, watching the snowflakes drift down. His cock, lazily half-hard, is trapped against her back, and he wraps his arm around her just beneath her

breasts. “Good,” he says, and kisses the top of her head.

Kathryn doesn't know exactly how long they stay like that. The snow is hypnotic, especially in the occasional eddy of wind that crosses them. She drops her hands to Chakotay's thighs and tilts her head back and to the side in an invitation that he accepts almost immediately. His lips are soft and hot on her neck, just gentle enough not to leave a mark, and his free hand drifts slowly down between her legs, teasing. When she digs her fingernails into his thighs, he strokes his fingers across her clit a few times before saying, “Turn around.”

She does, rotating until she's kneeling between his spread legs. The cold air on her shoulders is a sharp contrast to the heat of the water, and she's about to sink back down when Chakotay cups his hands under her breasts and urges her up, just enough that her nipples are exposed to the freezing air. They stiffen instantly and it's only the look on Chakotay's face that keeps her where she is, the almost awed way he looks at her face and then darts his gaze down to her breasts—and then he's closing his lips around one nipple, a warm wet relief against the cold. He sucks at it gently at first, then more firmly, scraping his teeth over the skin as his tongue moves in long strokes. When he releases it, the shock of the chill air sends something shooting through Kathryn, something that's only heightened when he moves to her other nipple. It takes her a minute to register that she's gripping the back of his neck with one hand, the other on his shoulder, urging him on.

She must make some kind of desperate noise when he releases her nipple back into the frigid air and returns to the first one, because he pulls back only enough to say, in words that vibrate against her, “Could you come from this?”

It's hard to think coherently. “From this?” she gasps, and tries to pull his head back into place, wants the slick velvet of his tongue against her nipple again, even as she's growing more and more sensitive.

“Mm,” he confirms, letting her guide him back.

“I don't know,” she says, and she discovers that she's already spread her legs in anticipation of his fingers.

“Do you want to find out?” It's somehow too much and not enough at the same time, as though she's *reaching* for something, her body strung tight.

“I want—” she tries to say, and finds that words are out of her grasp too. Chakotay relents, slides two fingers against her clit, and she cries out. His fingers keep time with his tongue, and she's reaching, reaching, until she *finds* it and comes, her entire body shuddering against him.

Chakotay lets her slip back against the wall of the bathtub, eyes closed as she tries to find some equilibrium again. That's when the red alert starts, and Kathryn reflexively says, “Computer, end program.”

Very abruptly, she and Chakotay are in their uniforms again, sitting on the floor of the holodeck. “It's a red alert,” she tells him.

He's visibly fighting to compose himself. “Yes, Captain,” he says.

“Don't—you're not allowed to come, until the next time we're here, or unless I tell you,” she manages to say, as they stand. “I don't care how long it is.” She wants it to be *now*, but the galaxy seems to have other ideas.

“Yes, Captain,” Chakotay says again, and his voice is gravelly. “Not unless you tell me.”

Captain's Classics Personal Program: Randomization

Chapter Summary

"I thought I would give you a little assistance," she says. "Since I have no intention of letting you come tonight." She watches as Chakotay touches the flexible material that's just encased his cock.

"What—"

Kathryn scrapes her fingernails through the coarse hair at the base of his cock and smiles at the choked noise that issues from his throat. "If you can't get hard, you can't come—and this won't let you get hard." She punctuates her statement by stroking one hand across his balls, and he gulps in a quick breath. If not for the way that he's trapped, he'd be hard now, and there's a kind of desperation on his face. "Unless it's too much."

The red alert turns out to be a very angry alien ship that refuses to listen to anything Kathryn says and is interested only in Chakotay's tattoo and its meaning. It takes an hour of very tense negotiation, every breath carefully taken, every move watched, before things resolve. When the red alert ends, Kathryn sends Chakotay a message on his padd: *Your quarters, 10 minutes*. She sees the moment that he reads it, the way that his spine stiffens abruptly, the slight flush that creeps up his neck. He leaves the bridge abruptly. She waits exactly five minutes and then says, "Mr. Tuvok, you have the conn." He raises one eyebrow minutely and nods.

Kathryn stops by her quarters for the particular item she's replicated and then, casually, walks to Chakotay's quarters. "Come in," he says, when she rings the door chime, and even through the comm, she hears the gravel in his voice. He's sitting on the bed, eyes dark and fixed on her as she enters. "Captain."

"Chakotay." A delicious thrill runs through her body as she says it. "That was good work just now. Things could have gone much worse."

"Thank you, Captain. I do try." There's a spark of amusement mixed into the heat in his voice. "I believe the holodeck—"

Another little shock of pleasure runs through her body. "No," she says. "Take off your clothes."

It doesn't take him long—they've both gotten good at stripping efficiently. When he's fully naked, Kathryn walks to him and lays one hand on his cock. She watches his expression change to one of shock as the polymer in her hand expands. "Captain—"

"I thought I would give you a little assistance," she says. "Since I have no intention of letting you come tonight." She watches as Chakotay touches the flexible material that's just encased his cock.

"What—"

Kathryn scrapes her fingernails through the coarse hair at the base of his cock and smiles at the choked noise that issues from his throat. "If you can't get hard, you can't come—and this won't let you get hard." She punctuates her statement by stroking one hand across his balls, and he gulps in a quick breath. If not for the way that he's trapped, he'd be hard now, and there's a kind of desperation on his face. "Unless it's too much."

"No, I can—I can handle it." He exhales quickly, then tries to draw in a long, slow breath. She watches the movement of his chest, the rise and fall of it. She can see the tension in his body.

"You're so good," she tells him. "There are so many things I want to do with you—"

"Anything," he gasps, and she sees his cock start to harden for a second until it's caught and held. "Captain, anything—"

Kathryn takes his cock in her hand for a moment—she knows he can feel the warmth through the casing, even if it won't let him harden—and then slowly drags her hand up his abdomen, enjoying the way that his muscles jump beneath her hand. She brushes her thumbs over his nipples, then presses her body flush against his and kisses him. Chakotay pushes back into the kiss, gripping the back of her neck as Kathryn sweeps her tongue into his mouth, and she feels his moan vibrate in her throat.

They kiss like that for a long time, and she feels the way that his breath catches over and over, the way that he's almost shaking. When she takes his hand and slides it into her underwear, so that he feels exactly how wet she is, he makes a kind of wounded noise and shudders, his entire body tensing. "Captain—let me, please—"

She arches against his hand, lets him slide two fingers inside her and play his thumb over her clit until she cries out into his mouth and comes. She can't imagine how he must feel, trapped like he is as she comes against him, and a part of her wants to release him, let him drive into her until they're both nearly insensate. But it's too good like this, too good when he withdraws his fingers and sucks them clean, when she reaches down and cups him through the polymer. Kathryn steps back. "Very good, Mr. Chakotay," she says.

"How long will I—will you keep me like this?" he asks. His voice is very thick.

Kathryn touches her thumb to his lower lip. "As long as I want," she says. "Can you do that?"

Chakotay leans forward just enough to suck her finger into his mouth. "Yes," he says, and bites very lightly on the pad of her thumb.

She keeps him that way for five days. Every time she looks at him, she remembers, and it sends a shiver down her spine. Once, she brings him her quarters, and lets him watch as she touches herself. The next night, she lays him out on her bed and straddles him and rubs off against the shape of his trapped soft cock as he grips her thighs hard enough to bruise and tries to thrust up against her and says, “Captain—captain—” in a strangled voice when he feels her thighs clench tight around him as she comes. He’s still shifting, restless; he releases her thighs and grips the bedcovers instead. Kathryn climbs off of him and admires him, the way his skin is flushed, the way his muscles bunch and tighten beneath his skin as he tries and fails to regain control. He sees her watching, puts a hand on the casing that covers his cock even though it won’t help and says, “Please—”

“Do you want me to take it off?” she asks. She sees him swallow rapidly. “If you need me to, I will.”

Chakotay seems paralyzed by the request. Kathryn runs her hand very softly along the inside of his thigh and he shuts his eyes. “I want—whatever you want to do,” he chokes out, and he sounds wrecked, his voice hoarse.

She strokes his chest. “Good,” she says gently. “You’re perfect,” she tells him and then kisses his open mouth, just once. “You’re perfect for me,” she murmurs against his lips, and then leaves him there.

The third night, she goes to his room with a harness and sees the shock in his eyes when she puts it on him instead of herself, straps the dildo just above where his erection would be if she allowed it, and tells him to bend her over and fuck her. She can’t see his face, but she can imagine it from the sob half-caught in his throat as he drives the silicone cock into her, his own still trapped soft. He can’t feel it when she comes but he can see it, withdraws slowly, and she catches him staring at the way the silicone glistens. “Captain—” he says softly.

“Not yet.”

The fourth night, she doesn’t see him at all, just stays in her own quarters and imagines his desperation and comes *hard*. She doesn’t tell him, but she blocks off two hours of holodeck time for the next day, without using her own name.

On the bridge, she checks her chronometer and then says, “Mr. Chakotay, I believe we have a matter to discuss,” and shakes her head minutely when he starts to go to her ready room. Once the doors to the bridge have closed behind them, she says, “I believe it’s been a few days since we spent some time on the holodeck.”

His breath catches, and she sees the flush above his collar. “It has,” he agrees.

“Tell me if you need to stop,” she reminds him. They enter the holodeck, which is dark and empty, and Kathryn says, “Take off your clothes.”

He obeys. She pulls him close and kisses him, and he doesn’t quite melt against her, but he clutches her to him and kisses her like he’s dying for it, like he can’t breathe. Kathryn doesn’t know how long passes before she pulls back, but her hair is falling out of its bun and her lips are throbbing a little.

“I’m going to take it off now,” she tells him, and he straightens like an electric shock has run through him. “Don’t come.”

“I won’t,” he promises, as she touches her thumb to the place just below the head of his cock, unlocking it. The polymer case melts away and he gasps in relief, gasps again as she strokes her hand along the length of his cock, and he’s hardening rapidly now, pushing almost unconsciously into the circle of her fingers.

When he’s fully hard, Kathryn says, “Computer, begin program,” and a thick gold ring appears at the base of his cock. The noise that comes from Chakotay’s throat is almost inhuman, and it almost makes Kathryn relent—but no, she has a plan. The light is growing around them, and then the scene becomes clear. They’re in the grand hall in one of the palaces of the ancient Risan queens, the ones who kept harems to entertain them. The walls are golden screens, draped with flowing embroidered tapestries that ripple in the warm breeze. There is no roof, only tall pillars draped in thin silk that filters the sun and turns it dappled. At the center of the room is a sunken pool of clear water, where a few naked people recline.

Kathryn takes a step back from Chakotay and lounges on the throne at the head of the hall. Her own uniform has become the sheer gauzy silk of a Risan robe, and she knows that her body is clearly visible through the thin veil. Five other people come forward to stand next to Chakotay. Each is also humanoid, every one hard and wearing a thick gold ring like Chakotay is. Around the hall, other women are making their own selections.

“Come closer,” she says, and they do. She stands and lazily examines each of them, squeezes the length and girth of their cocks to make her choice. She knows Chakotay is expecting to be chosen, but she’s just a little cruel and, after stroking her hand over his cock, she says, “You,” gesturing to the two men next to him and, only then, to Chakotay.

They follow her through a gap in the wall hangings, into a room with a wide low bed in the center and an assortment of delicacies on a nearby table. Kathryn walks to the bed and then beckons to one of them, a dark-haired hologram a little taller than Chakotay. “Down on the bed,” she tells him, and her entire body is on fire with anticipation, nipples stiff, so wet she can feel it on the insides of her thighs. When the man obeys, she settles astride him, spreading her robe a little, and then slides down onto his cock in a single motion. She lets the noise escape her throat, watches Chakotay and sees the way his cock jumps a little, the way his eyes drop to where she rides the man, the occasional flash of gold. The gauze of her robe brushes across her nipples with every thrust, a sweet tease. The man grips her hips, spreading her cheeks just a little, and Kathryn stops, panting. She clenches down around his cock and even as he moans, she tells the other man, “Come here. Behind me.”

Chakotay is left standing alone, entire body stiff, as the other man settles behind her. He isn’t going to fuck her ass—she only wants the pressure against her, not penetration—but she knows what it must look like to Chakotay as she begins to move again. She could come from this—could have come twice over already—but she’s saving that, saving it for when she finally does free Chakotay from his last restraint. Still, it’s a close thing when the man behind her begins to play with her nipples through her robe, and when she’s finally too close, she stops

and lifts off of both of them. “Leave,” she tells them, already regretting the absence inside her, and the two men walk out, their cocks still stiff.

“Chakotay,” she says, “Come here.”

He almost stumbles as he approaches, his eyes dazed. “Captain.”

“Lie down on the bed.” She knows he’s wondering if she’ll use him like the other two men and then send him away. When he’s on the bed, she kneels between his legs, looked up to see the shock in his eyes, and then says, “You can call me Kathryn,” just before she takes his cock in her mouth.

“Kath—” He loses the second syllable in a moan as she strokes her tongue over the swollen head of his cock. She can feel how desperately he’s trying not to thrust up, lays her hands gently on his thighs and he’s shaking beneath her. “*Kathryn*,” and he says it almost like a prayer, his voice choked as she takes him deeper. She feels his hand very lightly on her hair, just—touching, like he needs some kind of anchor to reality, and she pulls off slowly, lingering, inch by inch. “Kathryn—Kathryn, please—” he says, and if she’d realized how viscerally good it would feel to hear him say her name when he’s like this, she might have done it much earlier.

“Please what?” She breathes the words over the head of his cock, punctuates them with a flick of her tongue.

“*Please*—let me come,” and there’s something in his voice that sends a rush of fondness through her.

“I suppose you’ve waited long enough,” she says, and takes him all the way down again, until the head of his cock bumps against the back of her throat. She gets one hand on the cock ring, the other between her own legs, and releases the ring as she sucks hard.

He *yells* as he comes, body almost spasming, and it pushes Kathryn over the edge as she swallows hard around him. She wants all of him, wants him to yield everything to her, and he’s barely stopped pulsing, still shivering with the aftershocks of it, when she scrambles forward and says, “You’d better be able to fuck me.”

“Kathryn,” he murmurs, and touches his fingers to her lips as she grasps his cock. She sees him wince a little, but he’s already thickening again in her hand, especially when she rubs the head of his cock over the slickness of her clit. “Yes,” he says. He manages to sit almost upright on the bed, so that when she slides down hard onto him in a single thrust, it brings their faces very close together. Chakotay kisses her, long and lingering, brings one hand up to brush across her nipple through her robe, bites gently at her neck, and Kathryn had expected it to take longer but she’s already shuddering around him. She thinks he follows her, comes inside her again, but it’s hard to know because the next thing she realizes, they’re curled up together in bed, his forehead pressed against hers. “Kathryn,” he says again, and she can see him teetering on the edge of saying something more.

So she says, “Chakotay,” and kisses him lightly to stop his mouth.

Commander's Customized Program #3

Chapter Summary

When Chakotay sits down next to where she's sprawled on the floor, he strokes her forehead. "We can sleep and nothing more," he tells her, as though he's the one in charge of these scenarios. "Or—"

"I'm open to suggestions," Kathryn says. "As long as I have to do absolutely nothing." Chakotay flashes a grin and leans down to kiss the top button of her shirt. She feels the warmth of his breath and amends, "Well, almost nothing."

He shifts to kiss one nipple through the fabric. "Last time we were here, I asked if you could come just from this. Let me try?"

It's been almost two weeks since the last time they were in the holodeck together, and it started out as intentional and then there's been one crisis after another and Kathryn would *love* to take Chakotay back to the holodeck, but she's exhausted and uncreative and the last time Chakotay almost said something that he's been almost saying all along and she's not ready for that.

Finally—*finally*—there's a moment of peace and Kathryn looks at the holodeck schedule and sees that the next five hours are free and what the hell, captain's privilege, books them for herself. "Commander," she tells Chakotay, who looks about as worn-down as she feels. "Approve this, will you? I'm going to collapse into bed," and maybe that's obvious but she's not up to being subtle right now. He looks down at the padd and then his eyes flick back up to hers, almost hopeful. She nods the slightest bit and says, "Mr. Tuvok, you have the conn."

The holodeck doors open onto their cabin. It's a little bigger now, the bed hidden back in a separate room, but there's a fire in the fireplace and a thick woven rug on the floor in front of it, and when she collapses down onto it, she almost thinks she could fall asleep like this. The computer has dressed her in nothing but Chakotay's old shirt and her underwear, or maybe she told it to do that, or maybe Chakotay programmed it to do that automatically. Whatever the reason, the shirt is soft and worn and more comfortable than anything else she could be wearing.

"Captain?" Chakotay walks in. "There is—a bed, if you want it." His gaze rakes over her and she thinks that he wasn't the one to put her in this outfit.

"I'm too comfortable here to get up," she admits. "It's your own fault, Chakotay. You moved the bed too far away."

He ducks his head and smiles a little as he pulls off his boots. When he sits down next to where she's sprawled on the rug, he strokes her forehead. "We can sleep and nothing more," he tells her, as though he's the one in charge of these scenarios. "Or—"

"I'm open to suggestions," Kathryn says. "As long as I have to do absolutely nothing." Chakotay flashes a grin and leans down to kiss the top button of her shirt. She feels the warmth of his breath and amends, "Well, almost nothing."

He shifts to kiss one nipple through the fabric. "Last time we were here, I asked if you could come just from this. Let me try?"

"All right." It comes out a little too breathy. "You can try."

Her nipples are stiff against the worn cloth of his shirt, even more so when he cups her breast and sucks at one nipple through the cloth. It's entirely different than what she expected, the damp rasp of fabric across her bare skin, and that in itself has her breathing harder. When he moves to the other nipple, the wet spot is chilly against her skin. Only when he's finished with the other nipple—when she's broken out in goosebumps from the cold, even though the rest of her body is warm—does he unbutton the shirt very slowly, just far enough that he can spread it open to expose her breasts. "I like the way you look in my shirt," he says against her skin, and the vibration of it makes her shiver.

"I know." Then, as a challenge: "Is that all you're going to do?"

"Sorry, Captain," he says, and bites her nipple just hard enough to sting as he pinches the other sharply. She grips the back of his head hard and holds him there as he sucks at it, tongue flickering back and forth across it, until he bites again and she arches into it. He holds her nipple between his teeth a little longer this time, tugging a little until she whines, and then pulls off entirely.

"Is that all?" she asks again, and he switches to the other nipple, teeth and then tongue and then teeth. He's kneeling between her legs and she can see that he's hard, knows that she's soaking wet and it would all be over if she let him fuck her and she won't.

Chakotay sits back, though he keeps rolling her nipples gently between his fingers. "You're gorgeous," he says. "Captain, you're—"

"Less talking," she tells him, because she's rapidly losing control of this situation and because she does want his mouth back on her skin. Her underwear is a mess, her thighs wet, her nipples throbbing and she almost cries out when she pulls his head back down. He licks gently now, steadily, and when she tilts her head so she can see him, it's almost unbearable, the sight of him watching her as his tongue moves across her nipple. "Good," she tells him. "You're—doing well," and she can feel how close she is to coming, the feeling just out of reach. She wants his mouth on her clit, his cock inside her, would come almost instantly, and she could end this at any second. "Suck it again," she says, "and don't touch yourself until I say you can." She has his hips gripped tight between her thighs, just a few inches away, and it's taking everything she has not to pull him closer and rub off against him. Chakotay catches her nipple between his lips and sucks at it, and Kathryn says, "Computer, execute command #23."

He lurches against her as the cock ring materializes around his cock. "Captain—"

Kathryn pulls his head back down again as the ring starts to vibrate gently—she can feel it where she’s holding his hips—and he’s less measured now, less considerate, fingers tight on one nipple whenever he’s licking the other. She can feel the way his hips keep trying to twitch, the way he’s starting to shake a little, and in the end it’s the desperate noise he can’t quite swallow that finally pushes her over the edge. The orgasm hits so hard that her legs go limp and his hips thrust forward against hers, and who knows if it’s the contact itself or the vibration but it makes her come again—or maybe the first orgasm doesn’t quite end, but she knows that she’s shuddering through it and he’s saying, “Captain—Captain, please—” in that choked voice.

“Get your pants off,” she tells him, and he scrambles awkwardly to do it, until his cock is exposed and she’s pushing him onto his back so she can slide down onto it. There are still little tremors running through her and she just sits like that for a moment, relishes the feeling of his cock inside her as she tightens around it, the vibration of the ring that’s restraining his cock. He knows better than to grab her thighs but his hands are fisted in the tails of his shirt still half-buttoned around her.

“Kath—Captain,” he says, and the word comes out garbled, like he’s rapidly becoming nonverbal. “Kathryn—”

She hasn’t told him that he can call her Kathryn this time, but it doesn’t matter, they’re on the floor of the house that he built them and she says “Computer, 24,” and the vibrating ring is gone. Just like that he’s coming inside her, eyes half-blind as he stares up, and it’s almost violent, the way that his body jerks. He does grip her thighs then, like he’s holding on for dear life, and Kathryn circles her fingers around his wrists and holds them tight.

When they finally separate, they lie on the rug panting a little. “I’m going to sleep now,” Kathryn says eventually, “and I will be very displeased if anyone wakes me up before the holodeck time terminates.”

Chakotay rolls to press his forehead against the side of her head and half-kisses her ear. “Duly noted, Captain.” Almost tentatively, he wraps one arm around her, and Kathryn relaxes back against him. “I—”

“Tell me tomorrow,” Kathryn murmurs.

End Notes

Pegging/object penetration, bondage, nipple play, multiple penetration, orgasm delay/denial, chastity device, and a lot of sappy feelings.

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